

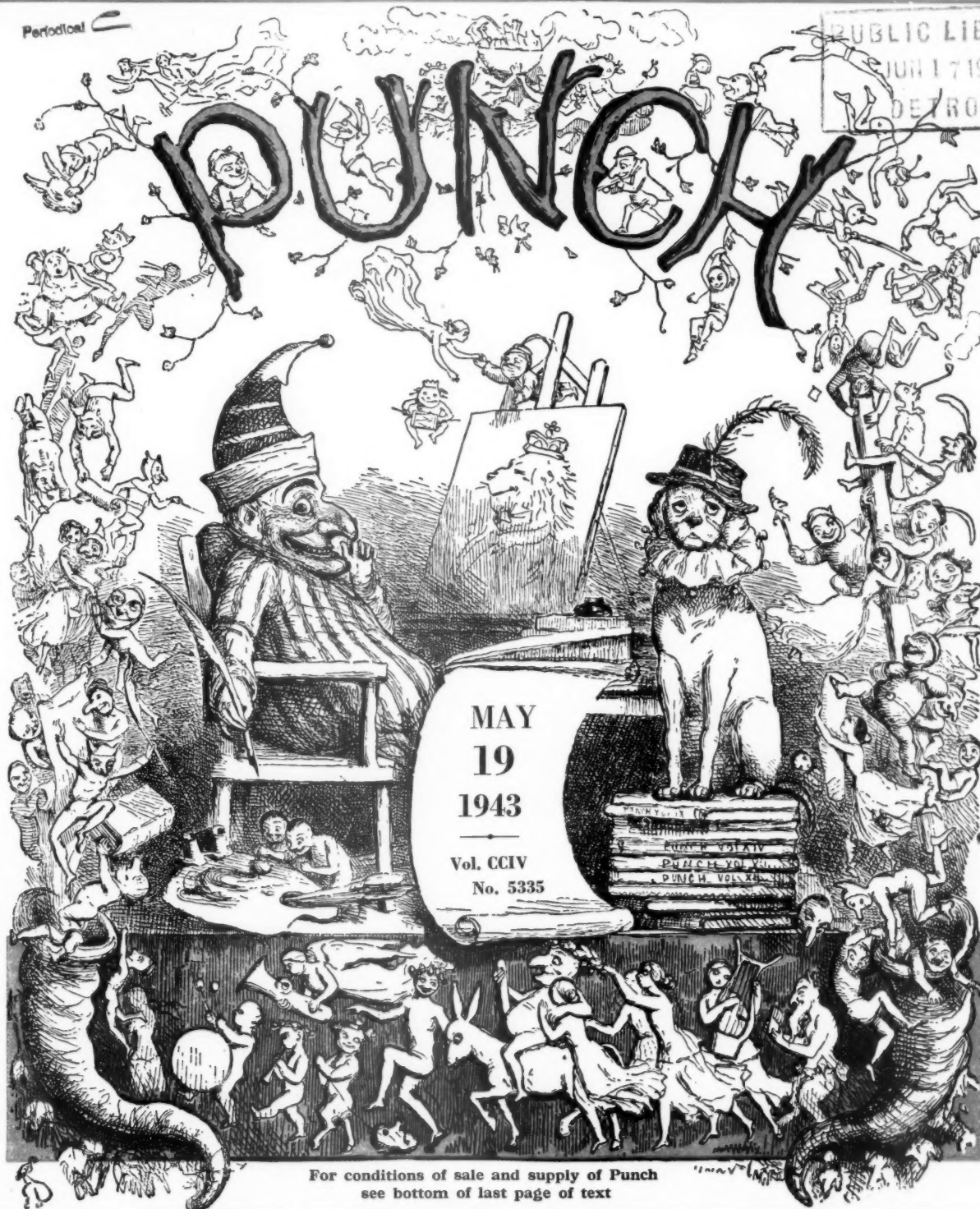


HUNTLEY & PALMERS BISCUITS



Periodical

PUBLIC LIBRARY
JUN 17 1943
DETROIT



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Player's Please





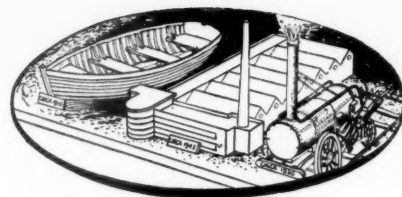
THE CHATWOOD SECURITY

The Chatwood Safe Co. Ltd.

BANKERS' ENGINEERS

HEAD OFFICE: SHREWSBURY, ENGLAND

Teleg. Chatwood, Shrewsbury. Tel. Shrewsbury 4001
London, Manchester, Glasgow, Bombay.



That Plastic age

In clubs, and places where they chat, you hear bandied about such phrases as "The Plastic Age," implying almost that steel, stone, bricks and mortar are fast becoming museum pieces in an all-plastic world. Of course, plastics will replace older materials for some jobs—but not all by a long chalk.

For one thing, they are expensive, but a little plastic can be made to go quite a long way in alliance with the older and cheaper materials. For instance, wood veneers and a plastic cement can make a sheet of greater strength and stiffness than the same weight of steel; glass, when made as a sandwich with a plastic filling, becomes unsplinterable; metals, when plastic coated, resist corrosion. At B.I.P. we know what plastics can and cannot do yet and are ready to advise on their proper use. If they are unsuitable for your particular job we shall be just as ready to tell you so. "Business ethics?"—not at all, just business.



BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD. · ONE ARCYLL STREET · LONDON W1

BUY'S  THE WORD FOR WAR SAVINGS

NECESSITY —  THE WORD FOR TRAVEL

WORK'S  THE WORD FOR VICTORY

and
Sharp's

THE WORD FOR TOFFEE

MINISTRY OF FOOD ANNOUNCEMENT—This is the 3rd week of Ration Period No. 11

EDWARD SHARP & SONS LTD. MAIDSTONE



Because it's just pure matured tobacco without artificial scent or flavouring. Six different blends, all medium strength. You'll find your favourite among them.

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND



Since the Battle of Valmy

SINCE the Battle of Valmy (1792), the first victory of the French Republican Army over the combined might of the German and Austrian forces, Schweppes Table Waters have enjoyed undisputed pride of place as the finest in the world. Now, Schweppes Table Waters have, by Government order, given way to a war standard quality, under a National Label. With the restoration of Peace, Schweppes will return to their own standard, famous for 150 years.

Schweppes

Table Waters



AERTEX

Serving at
home and
overseas.



Purity of Tone

For nearly half a century the world's greatest artists have entrusted the permanent reproduction of their art to "His Master's Voice"—exclusively. Purity of tone and quality of reproduction have therefore become a tradition with "His Master's Voice" . . . a tradition which ensures that "His Master's Voice" radio sets and radio-gramophones enable you to hear the world's greatest artists as they would wish to be heard.

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

Radio Receivers—Radio-Gramophones

We regret that no Radiograms and only very few Radio Receivers are available for the time being.



FOR RESPONSIBLE SERVICE

These watches, imported from Switzerland under Board of Trade licence are intended for the service of those whose National duties demand meticulous time-keeping.

To secure the model fill in and post the reservation form below. You will then be advised when your Accurist is ready for despatch.

Accurist
WATCHES

LIMITED SUPPLIES AVAILABLE FROM JUNE 20TH

RESERVATION FORM

To Lawrence Seder & Co. Ltd. Dept. P.I.
92, Regent Street, London, W.1.

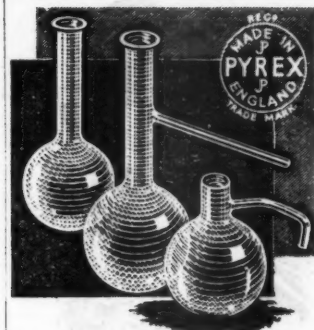
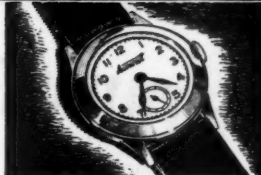
Please reserve for me Accurist Model No. 843

NAME

ADDRESS

SEND NO MONEY

Lawrence Seder LTD
No. 843 15-Jewelled Swiss lever movement, fully guaranteed, British hall marked gold case. £25 15s. 6d.



PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware gives best possible service!

The final result of any important experimental work or analysis must, in a large measure depend upon the various receptacles used, the build and quality of which are subject to the rigorous demands so often involved.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware has many essential characteristics to recommend it for such work. Its basic constitution, its immunity from sudden extremes of heat and cold, and its high resistance to acids, make this remarkable glassware a desirable asset to the scientist and the general practitioner.

By reason of its low co-efficient of expansion ('0000032) this remarkable glassware can be made of more robust structure than glass of ordinary composition, thus minimising the risk of breakage through constant everyday handling.

In a word, PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware possesses those sterling qualities so necessary as an aid to successful work in all branches of chemistry, and in the higher realms of scientific research.

PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is supplied only through Laboratory Furnishers, but illustrated catalogue and two free copies of our Chemist's Notebook will be sent direct on application to us, which should be written on trade heading or accompanied by professional card.

Ask for PYREX Brand and see that you get it!

PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware

is made by

James A. Jobling
& Company Ltd.
Wear Glass Works,
SUNDERLAND.





*A wine that has all
the character & bouquet
of those fine vintages
which gave Port its
Historic vogue*

**CHAPLINS
CONCORD
PORT**

Fourteen and Six per bottle

CHAPLINS  **ESTD 1867**



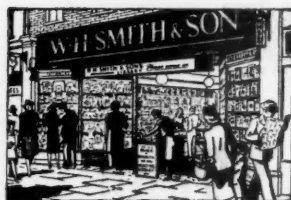
Angostura
Bitters is
SCARCE.
Please be
sparing
with it.

*A few drops
is sufficient*

**ANGOSTURA
BITTERS**

57 *A British Empire Product* 

Pedigree
PRAMS & FOLDERS
All the best babies have them
L.B. LTD. London



Which kind of Reader are you?

From the librarian's point of view, readers may be divided into two kinds: those who want something to read, and those who want to keep abreast of current literature.

A great many people say, in effect, "What I want is a good book. Never mind how old it is, so long as it is worth reading." Many such readers prefer books that have been out a few months, arguing,

truly enough, that time does some useful sorting out.

But for many others, to be among the new books is essential if they are to get the most out of their reading. To them books are news, with which they must be up to date.

Which kind of reader are you? Must you have the new books, or doesn't it matter? Either way it's not expensive, but there is no point in paying more than is necessary, and W. H. Smith & Son like to feel that subscribers to their Library know exactly what they are paying for; and are getting what they want, as far as possible in a book-rationed world.

"B" Service: for those whose chief concern is to have a constant supply of good books, but not the latest—10/- a year.

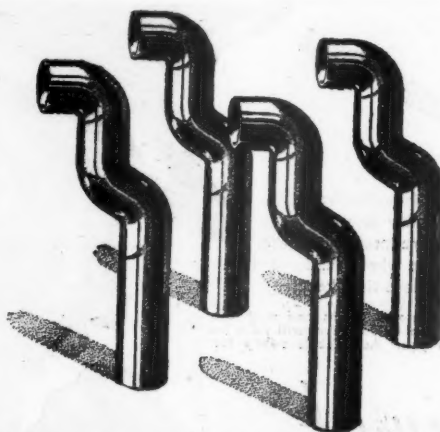
"A" Service: a first-rate, all-round service including all the new books on the shelves of any branch Library—£1 a year.

Preferential Service: for those who like to be first to read the latest books—£2 3s. a year.

Subscriptions for periods of 6 months, 3 months, or 1 month are available at slightly higher proportionate rates. Also Postal Service direct from Head Office, at the ordinary rates plus postage. Please ask for Prospectus giving complete details.



W. H. SMITH & SON, Ltd. Head Office, STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C. 2



WHICH OF THESE TUBES IS BOTH ALIKE?

In strict honesty we must tell you that the illustration is made from one drawing repeated several times. That's how it is with Tru-Wel Tubes. They are mass-produced, identical in lightness, strength and concentricity, so that all can be manipulated with equal ease and speed.



**MADE BY
TUBE
PRODUCTS
LIMITED**



Issued by TUBE INVESTMENTS LTD., Steel Tubes Advisory Centre, Birmingham.

T.8g

**SAVE
SHIPPING-**

A little less
bread goes
a lot further
when it's

HÖVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield



**CONFECTIONERY
retains its
"QUALITY"**

**+
Not how much
but how good**

Meltis Ltd., London and Bedford.



*The
"Antiquary"*

**Finest
Scotch Whisky**

OF RARE:
DISTINCTION
WITH THE:
RIGHT AGE:
COMMANDING
RESPECT:

Proprietors:
J. & W. HARDIE
SCOTLAND

Paper-hang Hitler!

Paper contributes vitally to the war effort. It goes to the making of bombs, shells, cartridges and hundreds of needed items of battle equipment. Every pound of paper saved is a blow at the Axis!

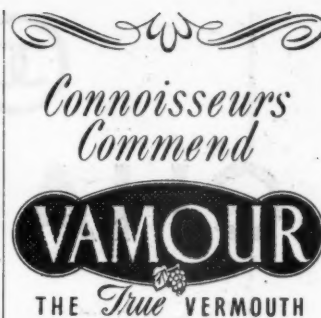
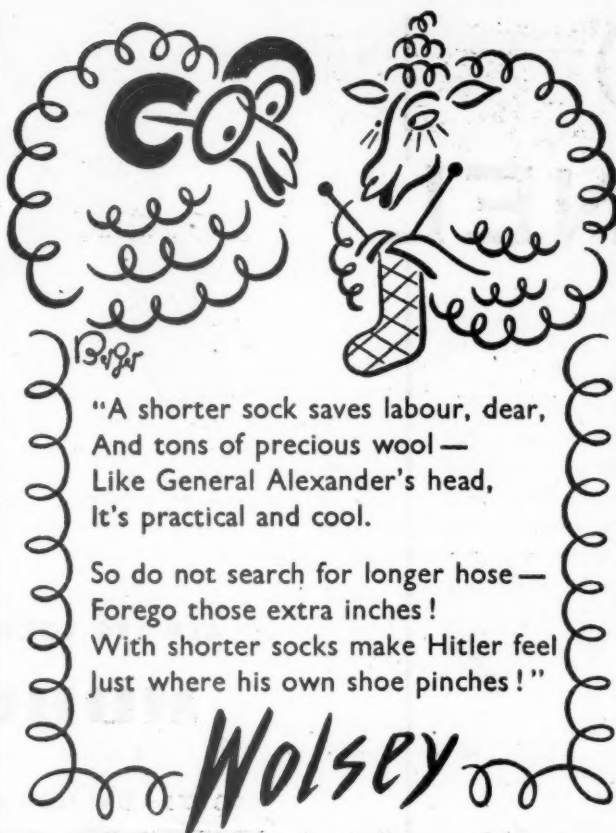
What do I do...?

I never slacken off my efforts to salvage paper and cardboard. I put by every scrap except very greasy paper, which I use for lighting fires.

I turn out all old bills and receipts, all surplus wrapping paper, and any old letters or magazines to swell the paper salvage total.

I keep all paper dry and separate from other salvage, and put it out regularly for collection.

Issued by the Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation by
the Brewers' Society



The Connoisseur appreciates instantly the Bouquet of the Genuine choice wines blended into this true Vermouth. Here is a choice and healthful aperitif or with added ingredients a delightful cocktail.

Treasures need seeking—but ask your Wine Merchant about Vamour—he may be able to supply you from his limited stock.



Produced by
VERMOUTIERS (London) LTD.
SACKVILLE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1

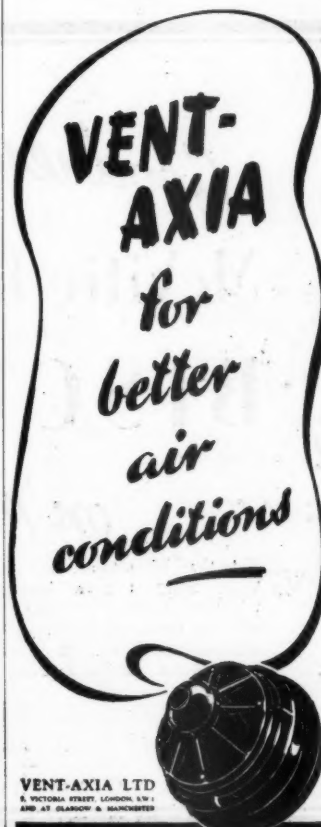
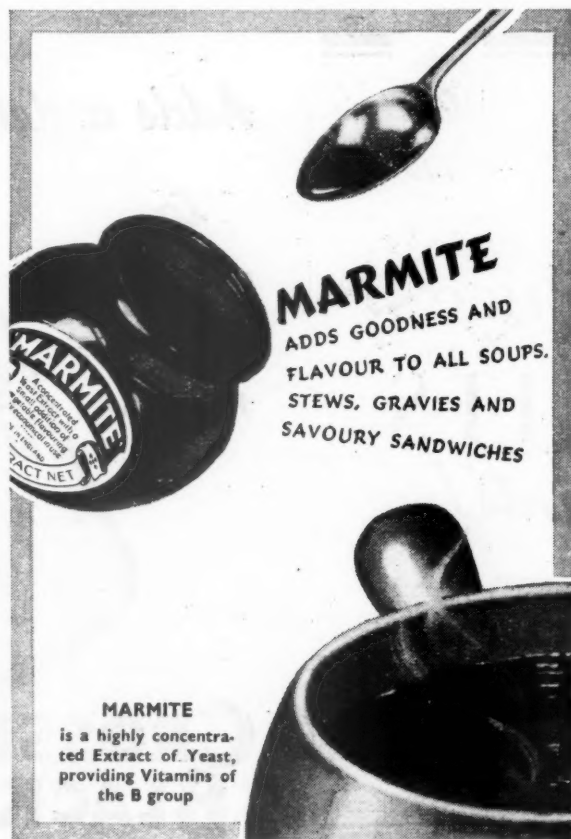
SAVE SOAP FUEL & LABOUR

In these days we must not waste. A few drops of Scrubb's in the water saves soap when washing clothes or washing up; makes the washing of floors easy, therefore, saves labour. Fuel is saved because less hot water is needed.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY AMMONIA

1/6 per bottle

From Grocers, Chemists & Stores





CHANEL

Chanel, for more than a decade, has been the perfume of the *élite* — used throughout fashionable society.

Owing to war-time conditions this wonderful perfume is not now available, but Chanel are doing everything possible to give their clientèle their favourite perfume in Chanel face powders, lipsticks and toilet soaps.

Chanel greet their great public and look forward to the brighter days when they will again have the pleasure of serving them.

Issued by PARFUMS CHANEL LTD.,
Old Bond Street, London, W.1.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE KING

Goodness:
McVitie & Price's
High Class
BISCUITS
on 'points'!

Now that Biscuits are on "Points," Quality and Food Value make it more important than ever to say: "McVitie & Price's, Please." Unfortunately, for the moment there are districts where no amount of asking will produce McVitie & Price's Biscuits, owing to the Government zoning scheme, but that after all is a temporary measure.

THANK GOODNESS.

Supplied only through Retail Shops and Stores

McVITIE & PRICE LTD., EDINBURGH, LONDON, MANCHESTER



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE NAME

MORLEY



GLOVES • UNDIES • STOCKINGS • KNITWEAR

*Adds a delicious flavour
to
War-time
meals*



*Unexcelled
since 1706
for Quality*

**CROSSE &
BLACKWELL'S**





RUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIV No. 5335

May 19 1943

Charivaria

"New creations in perambulators and baby-carriages," runs an announcement. That's where they're usually put.

The other day a composer said he could not think of any worse music than swing. Thank goodness!

A composer says that sitting in a railway carriage he jotted down a tune he imagined the wheels were playing, and later played it on his piano. Marvellous!—the part about sitting in a railway carriage, that is.

"I am always up and having my porridge with the lark," confesses a Scotsman. Ornithologists will probably deny that larks eat porridge.



"The Art of Cooking in a Nutshell," says a heading. Come, come! The rations are bigger than that.

"The term 'indoor games' does not include bagatelle, billiards, snooker, chess, darts, playing cards, shove-ha'penny boards, table skittles and table tennis."—*Daily Telegraph*.

We give it up.



"The tennis racket I put away last autumn," says a sports writer, "was as good as new when I took it out again the other day." Emphasizing once more the power of the press?

A hundred-years-old auk's egg recently fetched £60. Somewhat high?

"Nazi leaders hold securities in neutral countries," says a writer. Guilt-edged stock.

"That display of nervousness before an important speech can be cured by will-power," asserts a psychologist. The triumph of mind over mutter, as it were.

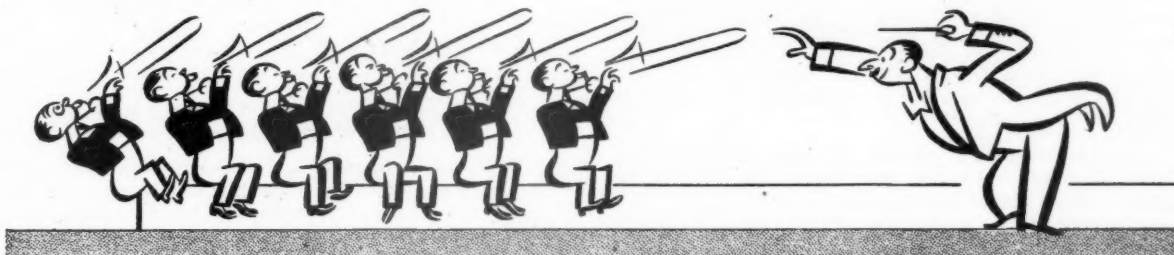
The Triumph of Youth

"Shorthand-Typist (junior)—Please write, stating age, if any..."
Advt. in "*Daily Telegraph*."

"The spotlight used on the stage is really a kind of searchlight," says a producer. We have yet to see an actor taking evasive action when caught in the beam.

An astronomer has an umbrella which when opened reveals a map of the stars. Ours too requires re-covering.

A dance band leader says he is teaching six young school-boys to play the trombone. Has he no sense of shame?



Learning Italian

HOW often have I not read complaints in the last few weeks about our shocking ignorance of foreign tongues!

I am reminded of the afternoon about a year ago when I tried to teach Italian to poor G. Not very much use this, just now, you argue. But I am not so certain about that. He may be needed to give extension lectures in Italian prison camps. There may be jobs in Benghazi, in Tripoli. There is the Ministry of Information to be considered. There is the B.B.C. There is our post-war relationship with Italy to remember. And suppose Signor Mussolini were to surrender quite suddenly, *subitissimo*, as you might say.

You may argue with perhaps more point and fluency that I do not know Italian myself. But that is not an obstacle which daunts a good schoolmaster. It is method more than scholarship that counts, and the way to learn a foreign language is to take an English book which you know almost by heart and see what it looks like when translated.

It all began because G. had come round to borrow *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, and I could not find it. After hunting for about half an hour I found *The Pickwick Papers*. Or, no, that is not quite true. I can easily find *The Pickwick Papers* when I want them, because there are three or four copies lying about and in a matter of this kind (as indeed so often in battle) it is numbers that tell. What I discovered was *Il Circolo Pickwick* (by Carlo Dickens). I bought it at Florence I don't know how many years ago, and in moments of great melancholy I prefer it to the original.

"Do you remember," I said to G., who was become resigned to my scattering books all over the carpet, the tables and the chairs, "the song that Sam Weller sang in Lincoln's Inn Fields? It begins Bold Turpin vunce, on Hounslow Heath."

He did. "It goes on," he said—

"His bold mare Bess bestrode—er
Ven there he see'd the Bishop's coach
A coming along the road—er."

I can repeat the whole of it, if you like, word for word."

"I want you to sing it," I said.

"Oh, the tune—well—"

"I want you to sing it in Italian."

"I don't know any Italian."

"But you can pronounce it."

"A little."

"And you have a voice—an untrained tenor you would call it, I suppose."

"A natural tenor," he said with pride.

"Come on, then. You needn't worry about the tune in Italian. Just imagine yourself in Grand Opera for a moment. You can't go wrong. Improvise, and let yourself go."

Un giorno Turpino, l'allegro brigante,
Cavalca, cavalca la brava giumenta . . . ah!"

"Why l'allegro?"

"Gay, I should think. Anyhow, it's what the book says. Giumenta sounds a bit rude for a mare like Black Bess. I suppose it's a sort of Italian joke."

Quand'ecco ad un tratto, la tarda e pesante
Carrozza del vescovo venirgli davanti . . . ah!"

That's easy. Suddenly appears the bishop's carriage lumbering along. Try it."

G. sang. There was an instant and very curious reaction. All the radios in the block of flats seemed suddenly to fade away. "I think we'd better open the windows," I said. "People seem to like it. Go on. Try the next four lines—

Senz'altro Turpino le redini allenta,
Disfrena a galoppo la bestia sbuffante
E giunto al buon punto s'affaccia bel bello
Al basso sportello."

"Can't see that at all."

"It is a bit harder."

So he gallops close to the 'orse's legs
And he claps his head vithin.

The general idea in Italian seems to be that without more ado he slackened his reins, put his beast at a gallop, and presented himself in the nick of time beautifully at the base of the window. The Italian language is much richer and fuller than ours."

"What's sbuffante?"

"Puffing, I should think. Or snorting maybe."

"All right."

He sang again. I looked out into the street below.

"That's splendid. I think you've stopped a bus. And there's quite a little crowd on the pavement. We must go on to the chorus now—

E grida il vescovo: Se il pane è pane,
Se il vino è vino,
Questi è quel cane,
Questi è Turpino, questi è Turpino."

G. was a bit ruffled. "That must be wrong," he complained. "The words are

And the Bishop says: Sure as eggs is eggs
This 'ere's the bold Turpin."

"So does the Italian. At least in a sort of a way it does—

And the Bishop said: If the bread is bread,
If the wine is vino,
This is that dog, he said, he said,
This is Turpino, this is Turpino."

It's all very simple when you get used to it. We'll try that together."

So we did.

"There's an air warden coming now," I said, looking out of the sportello again. "I suppose he thinks we're Fifth Columnists. Knowing this song will be awfully useful to you if you ever have to say to an Italian 'As sure as eggs is eggs.' Not that they is of course. But they may be some day. Shall we try the second verse?"

Says Turpin You shall eat your words
With a sauce of leaden bul—let.

The Italian seems to suggest that the bishop is to shove in his mouth a stroke of ball which is worth an apple, but after that it seems to introduce a lot of ecclesiastical puns which I can't find in the original. I wonder what it would have meant to an Italian mottle-faced man and



THE FATES DECIDE.



"Now the chauffeur's gone I look after the tomatoes myself."

Signor Pell, and all the rest of them. The mottle-faced man is il signore dai forunculi. Perhaps we'd better carry on to the second chorus."

"How do they manage

But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob
And perwailed on him to stop?"

"It has to be sung sarcastically of course," I said. "The Italian goes

Turpino appioppagli dietro le spalle,
Quattro è quattr'otto,
Due buone palle
E fa il cocchiere fermar di botto.

Or, putting it otherwise, Turpino hit off through the shoulders very quickly two good balls and made the coachman immediately to halt. They do rely on speed, these Italians. Everything you can't translate means like lightning or with a bang. Can you sing 'Turpino appioppagli dietro le spalle' with a tone of sarcasm, con tono di sarcasmo?"

He thought perhaps not, without bringing the police in. "Can't you find something easier in Pickwick to finish up with?" he asked.

"I can," I said. "Have a drink."

Non si va a casa prima di giorno
Se prima il giorno no fa ritorno:
Se non si vede spuntare il giorno
Non si ritorna a casa un corno.

If there's any language that can do "We won't go home till morning till daylight doth appear" better than that, I'll swallow a carrozza de vescovo.

We sang it twice.

There was a loud knocking at the door.

EVOE.

FROM ISOLATED POSTS

FROM a letter received: "I write to express the great gratitude of the men and of ourselves. It has been such a pleasure to take round these woollies and see the delight of the men and hear the next day that they'd been really warm the night before. These men have a very hard time and have to stand-to in all weathers with very little protection. The gifts provided by your Fund have made a very real difference to them." Please join in the service by sending your contribution. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

Nurses, My Nurses

WHEN I had been in hospital a few days I cornered Nurse C. for Celandine (to me she was just a sheer spring flower) one morning when she had waded too far into the Service and Maintenance jobs to withdraw. She looked so adorable as the early sun, after it had climbed over the gasworks, lit up her golden petals, that I sometimes wished S. and M. could go on for ever.

"Celandine," I said, accepting a loaded tooth-brush from her lovely hand, "I want you to listen to me with some care."

"Get on with your teeth," she hissed.

"I want first to make it clear that seldom have I been so happy as I am in your beautiful hospital. Life here seems to me to cover all the demands of the reasonable man, and I am a reasonable man. There is generous official encouragement to divide one's time between sleep and the consummation of superior thoughts. Any little extra comfort one requires, with the sole exception of a dry Martini, against which it appears there are special though incomprehensible objections, are transported to the bedside by girls vying with each other in charm and gentleness. To put the point briefly, it is like being back in China in the T'ang days, but with the added advantage of the electric bell."

"Your teeth!" muttered Celandine.

"I am far from wishing to seem ungrateful for these peculiar kindnesses," I went on, "but it is their very perfection which draws my attention so forcibly to the one fly in the ointment, a fly which to-day has become a bumble-bee in the person of Nurse V. for Vigilante, and to-morrow may well develop into a humming-bird."

"Your natural history is as neglected as your teeth," said Celandine.

"I refer," I told her, "to this mania for the geometric arrangement of the patient and for obliterating so far as possible any indications that he is still alive."

"You mean you are abysmally untidy."

"I mean that if I'm going to live in a cubicle for several weeks I'm not ashamed who knows it. Take my slippers. I am now permitted to make certain modest excursions from time to time under my own power, and each of these involves climbing into my slippers. The practical thing to do is obviously to put them under the bed. Am I allowed to? If I doze off for a

moment one of you dives in like a Focke-Wulf out of the clouds and rams them into that disgusting little cupboard. The same goes for the winding-handle of my bed."

"All you men—" she began.

"Take my face-flannel and the radiator," I went on (for I had already given my heart to Celandine), "what is a radiator for if not to dry a wet flannel fresh from the bath? Yet the moment my back is turned—and I cannot lie on both sides at once—it's hung soaking with the towels. Then consider the bed-table. In my innocence I'd imagined its function was to carry, with the minimum of discomfort to me, who am very ill—"

"You seem rather better."

"—all my current playthings. But yesterday Nurse V. for Vigilante bobbed in as if she were hot on the trail of some frantic heresy and declared that to read ten books at once was impossible. I replied quickly that such was my common practice, that there were actually eleven but that *War and Peace* was resting under the bed after the Battle of Borodino, that nobody could achieve a balanced political outlook with fewer than five newspapers, even if they went unread, and that as for the three potted-meat jars with flowers in, they were an integral part of my poor sick ego. And lastly," I said (for by now Celandine was pawing the ground), "there is this green counterpane. Aesthetically it is revolting and it seriously overheats me. But if I fling it off Nurse V. carries on as if I were stark naked. Now, Celandine dear, the floor is yours."

"It's very simple," she said, "it's just hospital routine. You wouldn't be allowed to be untidy at home."

"This has nothing whatever to do with tidiness. This is Euclid run mad."

"Then there's Matron's tour. She has an eye like a hawk."

"Of course she has, for things that matter, say if one's ears fell off or one slept with one's feet on the pillow. But she is much too charming and sensible to sponsor such nonsense."

"Well, I suppose really it's for the doctors. They naturally expect things shipshape."

"Ah!" I cried. "Celandine, a thousand thanks." We had arrived. . .

I immediately prepared a short questionnaire, which I addressed to each of the staff physicians when they looked in on me, which they did pretty often in the hope that so baffling a

case would have obliged with purple blotches or at least a severe abdominal twinge.

"Doctor," I said to each, "where do you keep your bedroom-slippers?"

"Why, under the bed."

"If your bed was like this one and could be wound into strange shapes, where would you park the starting-handle?"

"Adjacent."

"What is a bed-table for?"

"Oh, to carry all the junk a patient might want."

"Has the counterpane any of the anodyne quality its name suggests?"

"Damnable things. Don't you hate 'em?"

"Can a wet face-flannel sear a doctor's soul?"

"Depends on the flannel. I've got a beauty just now with pansies on it."

The answers of all the doctors, as usual, were almost identical.

There remained a little practical experiment with Matron before I wrote to the Nurses' Association (copy to Lord Rushcliffe) and offered my services in revising certain passages in the Nurses' Manual which had got behind the times and were leading young girls astray. As soon as I heard her come into the ward I arranged all my impedimenta in their most functional positions. . .

My confidence was not shaken. Over a bed-table piled high with the irrelevant flotsam of illness, Matron and I had never drawn so close.

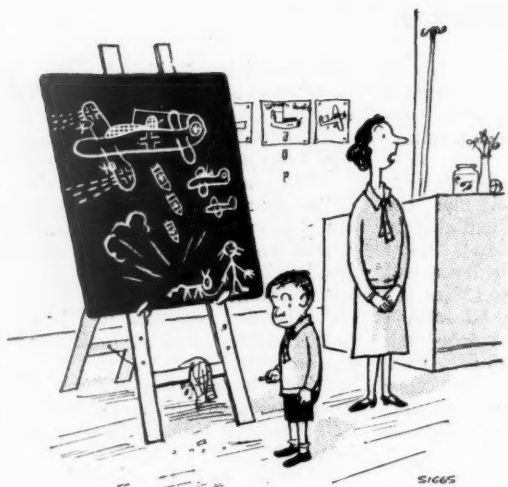
When she had torn herself away I pulled down my temperature chart and inked in bold letters on the back of it

ALL THAT IS OF INTEREST IN
THIS CUBICLE IS THE COMFORT
AND FELICITY OF THE SUFFERER

and pinned it up again. Then I asked for Nurse V. for Vigilante. I had intended to reason kindly with the girl in the light of the day's findings, but as she came into the cubicle I saw that fate had picked on me for one of its special three-star prizes. How rare they are, but how sweet!

"Nurse," I said, and my tone was hard, "I think you are aware that in this hospital we have certain unwritten rules to do with the preservation of decency, order and social appearances. These are very precious to us. One is that the skirt should wholly obscure the petticoat."

And I turned my face happily to the wall. ERIC.



"Isn't there a boy in the class who can draw a different version of 'Mary had a Little Lamb'?"

The Phoney Phleet

XIX—H.M.S. "Thrifty"

AT Osborne when he was a lad
Paymaster Captain Purser had
Conceived a most precocious taste—
A passion for preventing waste
Which dogged him through his whole career.
Now, in his fifty-seventh year,
His theme-song was the waste of grub
That went on in the Gadgets' Club.
The members used to hold their breath,
Thus simulating sudden death
Or apoplectic fits when he
Began to talk economy.
But sometimes they were caught.

George Syme,

One day, inhaling gin-and-lime
Was nobbled by this menace, who
Expounded his considered view
Of why and how we'd lose the war.
He burbled in particular
For what seemed several days upon
The waste of ammunition
In British warships. He made clear,
Holding Syme firmly by the ear,
That just through carelessness our guns
Expended ninety million tons
Of shells and T.N.T. and stuff
When fifty million was enough.
And why? he questioned. Why? why? why?
George swivelled round a glazing eye
And made some parched sub-human croak.
"I'll tell you," hissed the other bloke,
"It's just because it's issued free.
Do you expect economy
From men who haven't got to pay
For anything they blaze away?"

Can you? Will they? Are we? What?"
But Syme had passed out on the spot
And Purser left the battle-ground
In pride and triumph.

George came round
Some three days later and began
Immediately on a plan
To put things right. And soon his ship,
H.M.S. *Thrifty*, left the slip.

I'll break it to you. What he'd done
Was this. He'd placed by every gun
A penny-in-the-slot machine,
Or sixpences. The thing had been
Most carefully worked out. The charge
Would vary. For a very large
And high explosive projectile
It cost you one-and-fourpence, while
The very cheapest sort of shot
Was 2½d., but you got
A rebate on each empty case
When you returned it to the Base.
Moreover, coupons, issued free,
Could be exchanged for jewellery—
Two hundred for a diamond stud,
Etc.

Well, the ratings' blood
Was roused. They thirsted for a fight
In order chiefly that they might
Expend sufficient shells (and pay)
To win "this charming negligé"
(One hundred coupons), or maybe
The *Treasure-Book of Poetry*
(Two coupons).

Orders came at last
And *Thrifty* sailed. Some weeks went past
And then a Jerry battleship
Encountered her. . . . I think we'll skip
The full description of that show;
For hours it was touch and go
Until the climax came, and then
A cry arose from *Thrifty's* men:
"We're done! We're sunk! We're scuppered! Dash!
The ship's run out of ready cash!"
And so it was. They lost the fight:
The Hun escaped into the night.
They failed because they hadn't got
A coin to put into the slot.

George Syme was furious. He blamed
Their Lordships. "They should be ashamed!
They let the *Thrifty* lose the day
Because the British rating's pay
Is insufficient to outlast
The Fritz's. Damn. And also blast!"

H. J. Talking

WHEN I first got married we had a lot of trouble
over the honeymoon because my wife wanted to
take the cake with us, arguing that it was our cake
and we ought to eat it before it got stale. This cut out a
walking tour and also foreign travel as we could not get a
definite ruling on the Customs regulations. Then my wife
got a meteorological map and decided against all the areas
where it was either very wet or very dry, as these might

tend to make it flabby or brittle. When we finally decided where we were going the question of transport arose. The cake stood four feet high and was broad in the extreme, having been designed on the assumption that many would come to the breakfast, which turned out, however, to clash with an important funeral, this decoying away most of the guests, the food at such being generally better than at weddings, as more meat is served. We finally moved it in a wooden packing-case which had formerly contained a weight-lifter's professional equipment and had his picture in colour on the outside. I worked out mathematically how long it would take us to eat our way through it and discovered that we should need bed only and no board; but to add variety to our diet we arranged with the hotel to have breakfast every third day.

This cake caused of course a good many crumbs, and we took a number of mouse-traps with us which we instructed the chambermaid to set each day at sundown. To our horror, the management made an extra charge for this service and also for the cheese, they using quite unnecessarily expensive kinds. In fact to drown the smell of gorgonzola in the room at night I had to smoke an ounce of shag in bed before I could settle down to sleep. Personally I have never found mice such a nuisance in the house as boy scouts. Once they get it into their heads that things need fixing in your home they get all over the place; and what makes it worse is that ours operate a good deal in the night for practice. Only a real expert can do successful carpentry in the dark. Some nights the noise of whistles and the scouts falling over their poles never seems to stop at all. We have tried putting up notices in phosphorescent paint saying, "To the Cellar," hoping they will get down there and be less audible; but on this they merely decided they needed reinforcements to cope with the increased work and, anyway, there are pipes in the cellar which, when struck, give out a noise which booms all over the place and especially in the bedrooms.

On the third Thursday in every month I muse, sitting in front of a small bust of Marie Lloyd we found built into the kitchen wall when we moved in. Sometimes my musing is very successful indeed and carries me as far back as two and a half, when I had a perambulator which was a converted royal barge with dolphins carved all over it. I can still remember the sweat pouring down my nurse's face as she took me round the park at the brisk trot my doctor considered necessary to bring roses into my cheeks. Sometimes, on the other hand, my musing is on the poor side and takes me back only to the day before, and this being always a Wednesday monotonous is what it frequently becomes. More rarely I day-dream, not about the past but about the future, and where this always leads me to is believing that men will lose the vote. Probably, to begin with, it will be just men under thirty, but before long the rest will lose it too. Then they will become ineligible to sit on juries, and one after another all the professions will be barred to them. The more they lose, however, the more highly they will be spoken of. The first time a woman gives me her seat in a bus I shall know men are doomed beyond recovery, because when disfranchised they will never agitate as well as the suffragettes did, their voices not being so shrill and they taking food very seriously.

Another thing I expect to happen in the future is a spurt in evolution. Horses, cows and suchlike will begin to get too good for their work and demand better jobs, this

causing much human unemployment. So far man has stuck out pretty well from the ruck of animals, but he is living in a fool's paradise if he imagines that the gap between him and them will never close up, and we may get the same kind of shock that England got when foreigners began building factories. Perhaps these two prophecies are really one and it is women among whom a new burst of evolution is getting started.

To muse is really very needful, because in the course of years I have frequently felt the lack of a philosophy of life, as without this one's conduct tends to be decided mainly by dislike of people. The trouble with philosophy, however, is that it must always start somewhere, and books on the subject are very liable to lead off with some such remark as "Nothing can be the same only different," and from this, by a lengthy process, you work out whether we ought to have two-Chamber government and whether you ought to be good if you get a kick out of it. I base my own system on the proposition that the more you think about things the hazier they become. From this it is apt to follow that being addicted to philosophy means sacrificing the knowledge of truth to the pursuit of pleasure. At this point I usually buoy myself up with a homely example. If you see a cow in a field you know it is a cow. But if you ask yourself the question "Why is it a cow?" and turn the matter over in your mind, while you get a great deal of fun your grasp of truth begins to waver. As yet I have never succeeded in getting any further with my philosophy and frequently do not get as far, this alone being a proof of my initial contention.

This old nurse I mentioned above had been in the family for generations. Indeed there was an entail on her. She was full of reminiscences of relations of ours we had never heard of, and in the evenings she used to sit hour after hour working at the family tree, which she was always more than ready to read aloud on social occasions. There was slight confusion when she did this as she was uncertain of what the abbreviations meant and always read "m" as "murdered." She had been so long in the family that she was apt to think it was the only family there was and refer to all sorts of people, like the Lord Chief Justice and the Dean of St. Paul's, contemptuously as "offshoots."

Attractive Offer

"YOUTH, 16-18, required for piggery; live out."

Yorkshire Evening Press.



The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

At the Play

"JONAH 3" (PARK, GLASGOW)
 "ROMEO AND JULIET"
 (LYCEUM, EDINBURGH)

STANDS Scotland where it did in the matter of play-presentation? The answer is that it will continue to stand high so long as Mr. JAMES BRIDIE is willing to exercise his mellifluous fancy, deft invention, and irresponsible taste. The Park Theatre—Glasgow's new approximation to what London and New York call a "Little" Theatre—has just staged a version of that most engaging author's *Jonah and the Whale*, a version which Mr. BRIDIE calls *Jonah 3* because it differs considerably from the original production, and has developed certain improvements from a version recently prepared for the purposes of broadcasting.

Jonah 2, by the way, made an unusually bearable radio-play for the elementary reason that a Whale, unlike a well-behaved infant, should rather be heard than seen, and for the incidental reason that one of the supreme acting-voices of radio, that of Mr. Ralph Richardson, spoke the words of *Jonah*. That actor saying good-bye to the Whale: "All happiness of the sort most pleasing to whales attend you in the green seas!" is a recent memory with which the clever young player at Glasgow, Mr. DEREK WALKER, did not even try to compete. He simply "threw away" the line. Yet his was a charming performance in its restricted way, and he spoke the last speeches of the play—in which *Jonah* realizes that he is a mistaken prophet though not a false one, that he is indeed a quite ordinary fellow after all—like primeval man with the sun and stars about him (as Lamb said of one of those quite unbelievably good old actors of his).

Mr. BRIDIE has recast his Third Act almost out of recognition and to its distinct improvement. (Were it not that he is of all playwrights the least heedful of criticism, we should suggest his submitting some others of his works to the same process and thus becoming known as the amenable author of at least six wholly delightful plays, instead of the unaccommodating writer of some dozen or so delightful individual acts of plays.) To *Jonah* he now introduces the *King of Nineveh*, a smiling, black-bearded, witty tyrant who, among much else that is quite new, has a characteristic tirade against anyone maintaining a conversational level. A level, in conversation, he regards as an atrocity to be avoided.

This same jolly tyrant reproves a major-domo for trying to introduce into Nineveh a coloured lady with a new dance known as swing. "I will have no such disgusting song in Nineveh," says its king. "She shall swing from the end of a rope." The new character is amusingly and vividly played by Mr. E. J. P. MACE, and the whole of his scene keeps the audience uttering those peculiar little intelligent chuckles which it lies in the power of Mr. BRIDIE, behaving his best, to evoke. But let him polish still further by polishing away his first and third-act Narrator utterly. In a play of this serenely explicit sort a Narrator is a wearisome, unnecessary, and even amateurish device.

The Park Theatre appears to have a first-rate director in Mr. EDWARD C. McROBERTS, and a freshly inventive music-arranger in Mr. A. F. KELLY, who chose the apparently disparate triumvirate of Messrs. Purcell, Tchaikovsky, and Arnold Bax to accompany this play and made the three chime perfectly and undisparately. The Park, in a word, deserves to prosper—if we may judge from one presentation. And if we may judge from the list of authors in its last season—Shakespeare and Shaw, Charles Macklin and the Quinteros, Ardrey and Priestley—its general aim is as high as this particular achievement.

Another repertory group in Scotland, The Wilson Barrett Company, has just added new productions of Pinero's *Trelawny of the Wells*, Priestley's *Dangerous Corner*, and Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* to its long list, and having played these for a week each in Edinburgh will then transfer them to Glasgow for repetition in the same way. The production of the Shakespeare tragedy—and we say it deliberately—was the best production of this play we have ever set eyes on. It was done in a bold and colourful adaptation of the Elizabethan apron-stage which called for no waits, nor for any more change of scene than is created by the drawing of a curtain over the balcony or over the inner stage. Explanation of the brilliant audacity of this scheme (greatly helped by nimble and imaginative lighting) was forthcoming in a programme-note divulging that the management was "deeply indebted to Mr. John Gielgud for his design for the 'Permanent Setting.'" It appears that Mr. Gielgud, recently visiting Edinburgh in Congreve, generously handed his own perfected designs for *Romeo and Juliet* to these gallant repertory players and let them reap as best they could the ultimate advantage

of his own experiments with the play in the past. Impetuousness is this play's very essence. This elaborately simple scheme makes it as impetuous as a house on fire. And it is a house wisely kept in its Italian Renaissance period.

The *Romeo* was Mr. RICHARD MATHEWS and the *Juliet* Miss PHYLLIS BARKER. Though both these young people have yet to learn the art of sustaining a character with variety of expressive tone and gesture, it may readily be allowed that their *Romeo and Juliet* fell in love becomingly, continued to love with reasonable abandonment, and died convincingly and even pathetically. Some of *Romeo's* finest though least celebrated lines were for once in a way given their fair emphasis and fervency:

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the
 farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such
 merchandise.

Is this not the greatest compliment
 in the whole of dramatic poetry? And
 should not it, therefore, always be
 uttered so? A.D.

Meal Time

"DOES anyone want me to do anything?"
 "Does anyone?"
 "I shall go on sitting. Unless anyone says not."
 "I always think it's kinder."
 "Mind the gravy thing. It's white-hot."
 "Woggles! Good doggy, then."
 "Coo, we've got table-napkins!"
 "He's quite happy outside as long as he can hear us talking."
 "You're sitting where the clean one is."
 "Oo, how lovely! I shall begin."
 "No, what I did was I went to that sort of tin hut place and it was shut."
 "Are you sure it was the right place?"
 "It said something about a Mrs. Holtworth presenting it over the front door."
 "Oh, dear, now they don't open till next Tuesday."
 "Who was Mrs. Holtworth, anyway?"
 "Yes, but I went to the P.O. after and they said to post the book to the Food office. So you'll get a lovely emergency card to-morrow. I do think I'm clever."

"She used to live in the house next to that house half-way up that hill you get to after you go down the hill. It's called Something Hill—I mean the hill the house is on is."

"Did you notice any saccharine in the P.O.?"

"You wouldn't have. It's on Mondays, and only sometimes then."

"She had a pet sheep."

"I nearly remembered the name of the house. I know it. I just can't remember it."

"Saccharine is a by-product of coal-tar."

"Talking of Mondays, on every third Friday you can get something terrific at Routledge's."

"Do you mean tinned peas?"

"I couldn't hear. It was on the bus."

"You've used your small knife, you rat. It's only there for show."

"I'm awfully sorry. I took some mustard with it."

"Something like The Nook. Only bigger."

"I suppose it was safe to post a ration book."

"My grandmamma used to post me half-crowns in bread-and-butter."

"Yes, but it was illegal even then. I mean the money part."

"My grandmamma tattled like mad. Everywhere."

"Can I have your knife for the mustard?"

"I forgot to tell you. I found an inch and a half of actual dripping in that cup and so I used that for the frying and only a spot of lard, and afterwards I poured off half a cupful, so we're no worse off."

"It was tinned peas, I'm certain. Are you sure you didn't hear them say tinned peas?"

"I didn't hear anything. A terrible bus-noise began."

"Because last Friday, that was a week from to-morrow, I asked for some and they said next Friday."

"Well, that would only be a fortnight."

"But listen."

"Perhaps they said every second Friday on the bus."

"No, third. I'm positive."

"But listen."

"Well, last Friday to next Friday is every third Friday."

"It is not."

"One Friday with, one without, the next with. Every third."

"Every second. Stupid."

"But listen. Last Friday, that's a fortnight from when you're going to get whatever it is, you couldn't get it. Therefore—"

"So it is. There you are then."

"Woggles! Such a good dog, then."



"Do you have to go and stand in a queue to buy sweets? Why, nowadays you have to go and stand in a queue to ask where to go and stand in it!"

"It doesn't prove it. Because they might not have had tinned peas for months. All they said was next Friday."

"All it proves is that it *could* be tinned peas, but it needn't be."

"Like London Bridge being a stone bridge, but a stone bridge not having to be London Bridge."

"I've remembered. It's Red Roofs."

"Rooves."

"Look. Through that gap in the wall opposite. You can just see his hat. Look."

"Whose hat?"

"Mr. Higgins's. He's a honey. Don't you think he looks a honey? He's always standing by his cabbages."

"Roofs."

"You can see him better from upstairs."

"I suppose it is made of stone."

"That's not the point."

"You say hooves and dwarves."

"If anyone's going down to-day they could ask about the tinned peas."

"You say the Seven Dwarfs."

"Yes, but that's American."

"And they could look in the P.O. for saccharine."

"Yes, but that's Mondays. And only sometimes."

"Saccharine fizzes when you eat it neat."

"Woggles! Good doggy, then. No, he's quite happy. He just likes to hear us. . . ."



"Well, if they don't come in three minutes, they'll just 'ave to storm the defences."

To Salvage

HAIL, Salvage, thrifty Handmaiden of Wars
 Bellona's Tweenie in the House of Mars!
 Inspire thy Votaries with zeal ecstatic
 To rummage every Outhouse, Shed and Attic.
 Now let each Housewife odorous Dust-bins rifle:
 To find the lurking unconsidered Trifle.
 A rich Reward awaits their busie Toil
 The Lorry creaks, piled high with gathered Spoil;
 Each Village Dump beneath its Burden groans
 Of Paper, Bottles, Bicycles and Bones.
 Some will make Missiles for the thund'rous Gun
 To hurl upon the world-oppressive Hun;

The hoarded Treasure of the frugal Hound
 To yield rich usufruct of Glue is found
 To bind the Sky-aspiring Aeroplane.
 Paper, reborn, will come to us again
 Via Whitehall, descending as a Storm
 Of Pamphlet, Leaflet, Circular and Form:
 As Silkworms use, to make their golden
 Thread
 The leafy Pabulum on which they fed
 So Salvage, from the Scrapheaps' garnered
 Store
 Turns to new uses what was used before.



ON THE QUAY-SIDE

“So much for Africa. Now for the next Continent!”

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, May 11th.—House of Commons: History is Recorded; The End of a Chapter.

Wednesday, May 12th.—House of Commons: Abstruse Announcements.

Thursday, May 13th.—House of Commons: The Lucky Thirteenth.

Tuesday, May 11th.—Comparatively rarely do we recognize as such, as we pass through them, the great moments of history. Distance lends enhancement to the news, so to say, and the excitement of the moment usually detracts somewhat from the importance of the event in the great scheme of things.

But to-day, as the House of Commons assembled, there was the feeling in the air that the Government could record, if it would, one of the turning-points in the war, and therefore in the history of the world.

"The End" was being written in letters of blood and tears and sweat in North Africa—the end of the swaggering Axis armies that, not so long ago, were announcing their intention to sweep triumphantly through Alexandria.

There was only one disappointment. The Grand Narrator, Mr. CHURCHILL himself, was not present to tell the tale in his inimitable way. Mr. CLEMENT ATTLEE, his deputy, would be the last to claim anything approaching his chief's ability in that direction, and the occasion consequently suffered a little in drama.

But the facts were drama enough. Our victorious armies, swooping suddenly, had hurled the Axis forces out of Bizerta and Tunis, taking tens of thousands of prisoners *en route*, had stormed into town and village after town and village, and had finally cornered scores of thousands of the enemy in the hopeless peninsula of Cap Bon.

Sometime, as we all knew, it had to happen. It was the suddenness and the sweeping, breath-taking, utter inevitability of it all that aroused the excitement, the gratitude, the enthusiasm.

Members sat as patiently as they could through a dullish Question-time, and then Mr. ANTHONY EDEN (who, probably because of his office, appears to have joined the devotees of the Secret Session) announced that he spied strangers, in order that he could make in secret a statement it was considered undesirable to make in public.

Whatever this earth-shaking announcement was, it did not take long to impart, and then "strangers"—the somewhat derogatory term applied to all but the Great Elected or the Great Elevated—re-entered to hear Mr. ATTLEE make his war statement.

Mr. CHURCHILL's seat opposite the Treasury Box was conspicuously empty, and it was not until later that it was learned that the Prime Minister had made another of his adventurous journeys across the Atlantic to confer with President ROOSEVELT on (as it was picturesquely put) "the next-step-but-one."

But Mr. ATTLEE gave a factual account of the events that had led to

of four to one—instead of, as so often before, in an inferiority of that ratio. How miracles had been performed to ensure that supply was adequate to the fighting. How, finally, General ALEXANDER had abruptly switched whole armies from one field to another, tricking the enemy like some clever footballer, and crashing into the goal before the bewildered defenders could regain their breath.

Not often does it fall to the lot of the House to hear so unbroken a story of success, so complete a cause for rejoicing. Truly, we missed the glamour that the Prime Minister would have given it, but Mr. ATTLEE, in his slightly professorial way, made no bad job of it. In some respects the flatter tone was perhaps more effective.

Mr. ATTLEE expressed the thanks of Parliament to the leaders and to those they led to this triumph, and Mr. ARTHUR GREENWOOD begged to second. Sir PERCY HARRIS, who leads the Liberals, added his word of congratulation and thanks, and Mr. HORBELISHA, who knows better than most how vast is the task of organizing and conducting to victory a modern Army, gave further support, adding that General ALEXANDER was entitled to his place on the roll of the great commanders of history.

The "mediation" offer made by General FRANCO—to bring peace between the Axis and the United Nations because neither could destroy the other—was referred to by Commander OLIVER LOCKER LAMPSON, but Mr. EDEN briefly dismissed it by saying that the reply had been given (well in advance) by President ROOSEVELT at Casablanca—Terms for Peace With Axis: *Unconditional Surrender*.

We were not interested, Mr. EDEN said firmly, in any other proposal, and the House, by its cheers, endorsed this rigid attitude.

Mr. WILL THORNE (who rather specializes in "stumers" of the more sensational kind relating to our guest Herr RUDOLF HESS) inquired whether that gentleman's £15,000 worth of securities, brought with him on his flight to Scotland, were being used to maintain him and his family in Britain.

Mr. EDEN replied that HESS had nothing but a few worthless marks on him when he landed, that he had no family in Britain, and that the money (which did not exist) was therefore not being used to support his family (which was not in this country). Otherwise, Mr. THORNE's information was accurate.

Sir JAMES GRIGG, the War Minister, was able to remove the fears of some Members that British prisoners in the



A BIT OF CHARING
MR. W. S. MORRISON

the famous victory, and the House cheered the news with the full-throated heartiness of complete satisfaction.

What a story it was! How the enemy had been swept back from place to place, how they had surrendered in tens of thousands to our troops, how they had accepted—gladly, eagerly—the only armistice terms we would offer, unconditional surrender. How our Air Forces, our Sea Forces and our Land Forces had worked together in an all-shattering concert, forcing the Axis to give in everywhere, preventing any "Dunkirk" from the perilous beaches of Cap Bon (how ironic a name it must seem to the Axis!).

How our Air Forces had turned the tables, and had been in a superiority



"To be candid, I'm beginning to doubt whether music really does increase production."

hands of the Italians had no proper baths. Indeed they had, said Sir JAMES DRILLY (most appropriately, as will appear); they had excellent, almost luxurious, baths. But . . . they had no water to put in them. Since dry-cleaning in relation to the human frame has not reached the pitch of perfection it has in other spheres, this answer was perhaps (in the immortal words of Mr. RUPERT DE LA BÈRE) "most unsatisfactory."

Mr. "SHAKESPEARE" MORRISON, Minister of Town and Country Planning, had, thereafter, to present a Bill which will enable him to stop people building now in a way that will spoil the Beautiful Britain that is to come after the war. It was criticized as being too timid and small, but was eventually given a Second Reading.

Wednesday, May 12th.—Mr. MABANE, of the Ministry of Health, was explaining to the House of Commons the intricacies of the fish-distribution scheme, when Sir ARCHIBALD SOUTHBY, with the air of a man who had made a remarkable discovery, mentioned that the one thing needful to complete

success in that scheme was the provision of a little fish.

That was the sort of day to-day was—pernickety.

Captain HAROLD BALFOUR, of the Air Ministry, was asked (for the umpteenth time) to drop a bomb down Vesuvius. He said it would not be as effective as its advocates thought. Mr. HANNAH moved an amendment in favour of Fujiyama, but this too was negated without a division. Mr. PURBRICK (known to his less intimate friends as Mr. Drop-Brick) asked that "experiments" should be conducted with tidal waves and earthquakes, to see if they could be pressed into the service of the United Nations. A tidal wave of laughter was the immediate result, but it did not seem to convey much information to Mr. PURBRICK, who sat down muttering.

Mr. RICHARD STOKES, incidentally, mentioned that he had flown round the crater of Vesuvius in a plane, and Sir EDWARD CAMPBELL unkindly inquired why he had not stayed there.

Mr. THORNE (pursuing his endless search for knowledge) asked Mr.

OLIVER STANLEY, the Colonial Secretary, how he could tell tea and coffee produced by forced labour from "free coffee," but Mr. STANLEY, who knows most things, gave this one up.

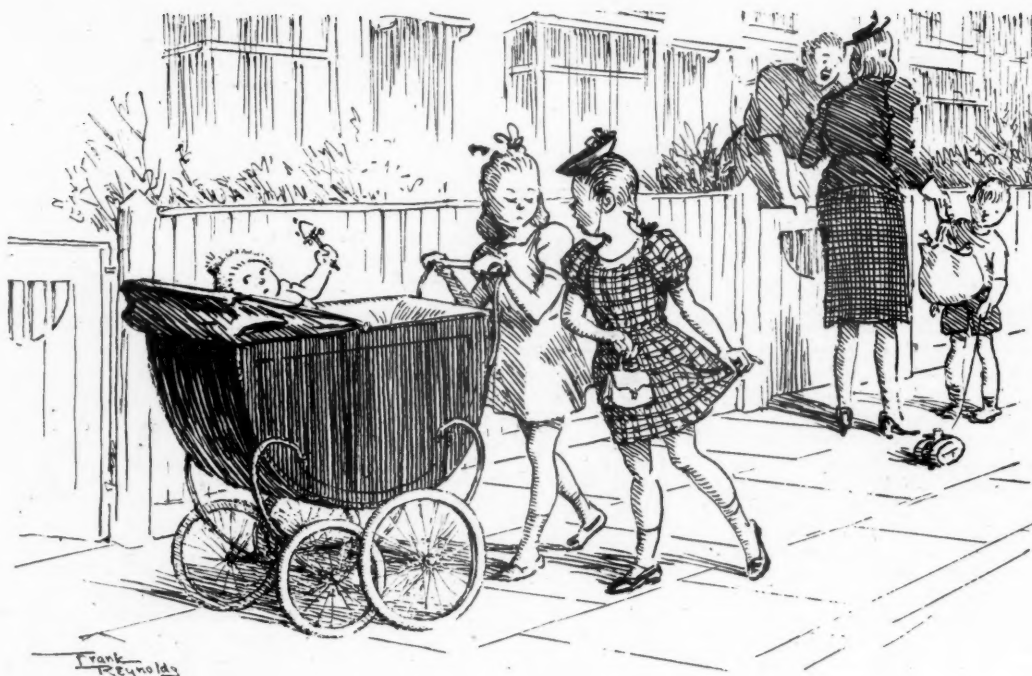
Sir KINGSLEY WOOD then gave a long explanation of the Keynes and White Plans for post-war trade and finance.

Thursday, May 13th.—A day great in history. The end of the end in Tunisia was announced by Mr. ATTLEE, amid great cheering.

"I have," said he, "formally to announce the end of the campaign in North Africa. General VON ARNIM and his entire forces have surrendered. Prisoners number more than 150,000. We have captured, too, 1,000 guns, 250 tanks and many thousands of motor vehicles.

"And the continent of Africa is now cleansed entirely of the Nazi and Fascist infection. It is a classic example of the military art, a magnificent achievement."

Delightedly the House endorsed this verdict. It anticipated, one felt, the verdict of history.



"My dear, don't talk about coupons—Mum's lengthened this old thing until I could shriek!"

Little Talks

LISTEN to this:

"All sea-going naval personnel are supplied with a personal issue of an inflatable life-belt. . . . In addition to the above, all H.M. ships are supplied with cork-filled life-jackets for use by personnel in boats in rough weather and in other circumstances where their use is an obvious seamanlike precaution."

Who said that?

The First Lord of the Admiralty.

You must not criticize the First Lord of the Admiralty.

I know. I should not dream of doing so. But I may send a friendly message to the gentlemen who draft his answers to Parliamentary questions. Not that they are alone in this affair. I have been looking through the questions and answers in a single day's *Hansard*—May 5th—and I find ten pestilent "personnels". Here is a Member putting a question about "flying personnel". Another wants instructions to be given that "Service personnel in uniform shall not be charged for seats or chairs in the London parks".

Jolly good show!

Another Member asks a question

about the "total personnel" of the Royal Air Force. Sir Archibald Sinclair, in his reply, rightly changed it to "total strength". The Member put in a supplementary about "R.A.F. personnel", and the Minister, weakening, descended to "total personnel".

Yes. If the Members start it, it's a little difficult for Ministers not to follow.

I agree. But in the life-belt affair there was no such excuse, because Mr. Hewlett put down a perfectly good question:

"To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty whether, when sailors are carrying out naval exercises in rough weather, any attempt is made to provide them with life-belts?" Simple, straightforward, short, and clear.

Well, how would you have answered?

The answer given, I repeat, was this: "ALL SEAGOING NAVAL PERSONNEL ARE SUPPLIED WITH A PERSONAL ISSUE OF AN INFLATABLE LIFE-BELT"! How should I have expressed that thought? Well, the first rule of public life is that "personnel" must never be used. So that goes out. "Naval" is quite unnecessary, because it is the Admiralty speaking, and no one supposes they

are talking about fishermen or merchant seamen. So that goes out. And, to be quite frank, I should have said "All sailors afloat . . ."

Why not "sea-going"?

Because it is not accurate. Life-belts are also supplied to sailors in waters like the tidal Thames, which is seventy miles long, wide and rough at one end, and quite capable of drowning a man at either.

I see. So you'd say "All sailors afloat are supplied with a personal issue—"

Not on your life! "Supplied with a personal issue" indeed! What an expression to put into the mouth of the First Lord of the Admiralty!

Doesn't it perhaps mean that each man—

Each piece of personnel.

Sorry—that each piece of personnel has a life-belt to himself, and they're not just stored somewhere on board?

That is the fact. But that does not justify "supplied with a personal issue", which is about the world's record in redundancy. My final edition would be:

"AN INFLATABLE LIFE-BELT IS SUPPLIED TO EVERY SAILOR AFLOAT."

What about officers?

Officers are sailors. The Admiralty, you will observe, have used fourteen words and seventy-six letters. My score is nine words and forty-nine letters.

Jolly good show! What about "personnel in boats in rough weather"?
Oh, "men in boats"—"boats' crews": anything but personnel.

I hear some of the Wrens are doing fine work as boats' crews in some of the harbours.

You mean the R.N.F.S.P.?

Whatever's that?

The Royal Naval Female Seagoing Personnel. Yes, they're grand. For that matter, I don't think the naval male sea-going personnel have done so badly in the present struggle.

You mean the Mariners of England?

Certainly not. That would include fishing personnel—and personnel gainfully employed in mercantile bottoms. Talking of that, it's now more than twenty-nine years since I was married in bell-bottom trousers.

Why drag that up?

Because I remember that as my bride—my female personnel and I marched out of the church, the organist played "Every nice girl loves a sailor". I wonder what they'd play to-day.

"Every nice female personnel . . . ?"

"Loves a male marine personnel,
Every nice female personnel loves a tar,

For there's something about marine personnel,

(Well, you know what marine personnel are).

Free and easy . . ."

Oh, shut up! Why do you go on about this?

Because we mean to kill "personnel", as we have killed "air-drome" and a few more monsters. Not to mention most of the astrologers. By the way, did you see about the Incautious Communications prosecutions?

"Careless Talk", you mean?

If you must be so old-world and simple, yes. The Senior Officer who was juggled for predicting a Second Front last year?

I did. Jolly good show.

Yes, but—I didn't read the whole thing, of course—but, after all, his talk was not merely careless but wrong. There wasn't a Second Front.

No, but right or wrong, an officer oughtn't to say such things. If he's right, he gives away information, and if he's wrong, he raises false hopes.

Well, of course, I agree. But, if an officer can't say them privately to his wife, why should civilians be allowed to say them publicly about once a month?

What civilians?

"Astrologers", for example. Mr. Lyndoe of *The People*, for example. Do you remember my telling you to watch the fortnight March 7th to March 21st this year?

I think I do. But I've forgotten why. Anyhow, I didn't. What happened?

Nothing particular. That's the point. On February 28th this fellow wrote as follows:

"This week will probably show the Government preparing a coup that cheers. . . . A coup in Europe, which is the one place that matters just now. By week-end expectation will rise. Then comes a fortnight critical in its results for all Western Europe." Do you agree that the only reasonable interpretation of those words is "Second Front opens in Western Europe"?

I suppose I do.

Do you recall any "coup" in that fortnight which answered to that description?

Can't say I do.

Very well, then.

Oh, come—after all, anyone can prophesy. All the politicians do it. You yourself—

In general terms, yes. We looked up yesterday a little bit we wrote two years ago. It was called "Just for a Change". It was headed: "Just for a change, let us imagine that our enemies are muttering as follows:

"What is Herr Churchill planning in that relentless brain?

Will he descend on Sicily? Will he come up through Spain?

Will they sweep on to Tripoli, these horrible bearded men?

Will they go through to Tunis—and what will the French do then?

It's easy to land in Denmark. They might have a go through Greece.



They might wriggle round by Russia; they might nibble up through Nice.

You know, with the sea to serve them, they can land where they darn well like;

And we, like rats in the midden, must wait till they choose to strike."

What date was that?

January 26th, 1941.

Jolly good show. But there you are, that's prophecy, old boy.

No—faith, old boy. Anyhow, it's quite different from saying "Second Front next fortnight"!

I gather then that, on the whole, you are a non-co-operator as to astrological personnel?

I am not in a position to deny same.

A. P. H.

Sweatypore

(North-East Frontier)

IT was a jungle paradise,
As "khushi" as you please,
Where men might buy a maund of rice

For less than two rupees—
A land in which one named a price
As much for parley as for pice,
And all ranks stood "at ease."

Ah, halcyon days of Sweatypore!—
Transplendent, pricked balloon!—
For lo! A novel kind of corps
Rides in one afternoon
With weapons never known before
This most unnatural modern war
That halts for no monsoon!

We've had primeval paths to clear—
Airfield and transport park . . .
A century's roads within one year
Have come to leave their mark,
But onward goes the engineer
Till, with the forest, fades the fear
Of fighting in the dark.

Here come the plodding fractious mules,

While here the tanks grind past,
For now that we possess the tools
The day is dawning fast
When, grounded in grim battle-schools,
We master war's mercurial rules
And earn our peace at last.

* * * * *

But Sweatypore, where you and I
Quaffed pegs of piquant power,
Has gone where pipe-dreams go to die
When war's black storm-clouds
tower.

"Io Gorkhali!" . . . Hear that cry
The Gurkhas raise as they go by . . .
It is the warriors' hour!



"... and will you please refrain from saying 'Coo!'" and
 "Well, I'll be . . . !" while he's giving his evidence?"

As Others Hear Us Now

YES, mother, I do understand absolutely. But of course the war has altered quite a lot of things in a way, and I don't somehow feel we shall ever need all this silver in quite the same way again."

"I'm not going to say a word to anybody, darling, but I have an idea for after the war. Only I wish it to be kept absolutely private."

"Very well, mother."

"Not a word to your aunts, and

don't write it out to poor Uncle Oscar in Christchurch, New Zealand. I don't want it to get round to the relations in Hampshire."

"No."

"Well, darling, if you promise to keep it *entirely* to yourself—I'll tell you what it is. When the war is over, I'm thinking of buying a quite small, labour-saving, and at the same time old-fashioned, country cottage with a small garden and an orchard, and

certainly a garage, and not too far from a railway station, and near a village and yet right in the country—preferably Kent or Sussex—and very, very cheap. I shall then get all my furniture out of store, find a couple of thoroughly good reliable maids, and settle down."

"I do hope you'll find just what you want, mother. But about the silver—"

"Darling, that's when the silver will come in so useful. I've got a beautiful tea-tray packed away—it must weigh something enormous—and the four camels under the palm-trees with salt-cellars on their backs, and all your dear father's trophies for bowls, and one or two cups that *my* father won when he was at school."

"Perhaps we'd better unpack some of them. You might find that you wouldn't mind selling just a few of the things."

"Very likely. I always meant my eldest grandson to have the engraved tea-kettle that was given to my parents by the parishioners of High Slocum for their silver wedding."

"But, mother, you haven't any grandsons."

"I know, darling. But Barbara and Diana are both dear little things, and whichever of them marries first is to have it. That is, unless you feel—"

"No, mother, I don't. Silver takes up too much room in a tiny flat, and besides, it needs cleaning. Now, what's in this case? Oh! six silver salt-cellars."

"Very useful indeed. I think the next two cases are salt-cellars as well."

"Yes, they are."

"They ought to come in handy."

"Ought they? These are toast-racks."

"Those, I think, were a wedding present from the Parkinsons. Poor Mr. Parkinson died when he was just going to be ninety-five."

"And here are more salt-cellars. Mother, we could really sell some of these salt-cellars, surely."

"Well, they might come in handy. One never knows. That trinket-box is really beautifully engraved—are they acorns or raspberries on the lid? Though I think the middle one is really a cherub's head. Or else it's a lion. Put it on one side, dear."

"Mother, what *are* these gigantic bottles?"

"For the dressing-table, darling. They're cut-glass, I think. There ought to be eight of them and I only see six."

"Well, there's quite a lot more to unpack. I hope this is a mirror. No, it's a frame, with someone inside."

"That must have been her Presentation frock. Isn't the ostrich-feather fan quite lovely—and the pose is very graceful indeed. We ought to put that out somewhere."

"Who was she, mother?"

"I can't remember at all. Put it on one side, dear. What's the red leather case?"

"Spoons."

"Those are always useful."

"And here are some very small knives with yellow handles. Twelve of them. I don't think they've ever been used."

"They'd better be kept for a rainy day."

"What on earth is this?"

"My dear child, haven't you ever seen a fish-slice before? And look here, this really is a find. I'd forgotten I had them! Four little silver vases for the middle of the dining-room table! I remember how nice they

always looked with red geraniums and a spray of maidenhair fern."

"Only we haven't a dining-room table, or red geraniums, or maidenhair fern. And here are three—four—six toast-racks."

"Those would be useful for breakfast after the war."

"Mother, I thought perhaps we could sell some of all this silver."

"Well, we might think about it when we come to the cigarette-boxes and the engraved trays and the little pepper-pots that I remember your grandmother would never use because one could never get any pepper out of them. And I'm certain there are some more salt-cellars and spoons and forks, and a silver ink-stand that really belongs to Uncle William, and a dear little tape-measure, like a silver dog, that Aunt Edith asked me to take care of for her when she first went out to Trinidad."

"Well, what could we try to sell? I must say I do feel the money would be more useful than this great chest and all the green baize in holes."

"I think we'd better try to get new green baize after the war. Or perhaps red, if you think that would be brighter."

"But if we sell——"

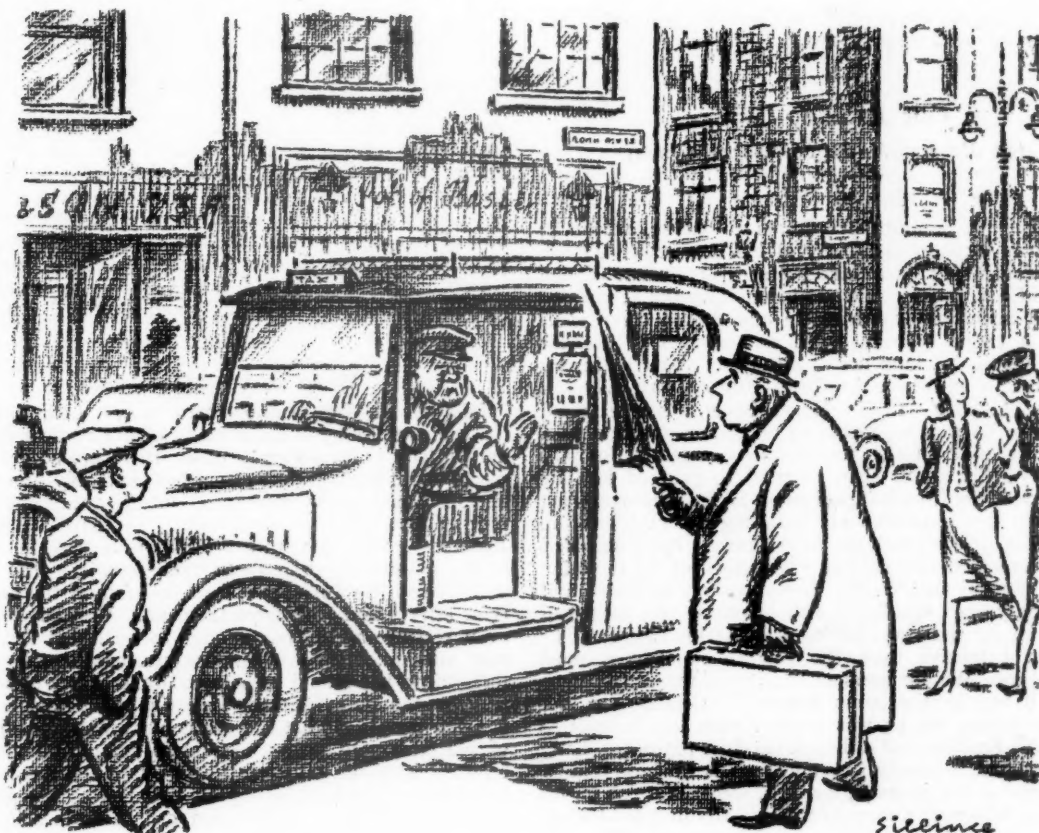
"Darling, we'll think it over. Put all this on one side, and to-morrow or next day we'd better try to get hold of the large cases at the Bank. As far as I remember, they're all full of silver."

E. M. D.

"The exact height reached will depend not only on the observer's distance from the equator, but also upon the time of year, and whether he is north or south of it."

Amateur Photographer.

Einstein would understand.



"Sorry, Gw'nor; but if I was to take everyone wot wants me I shouldn't 'ave no petrol left for cruisin' around."



"I was just wondering if you'd care to buy a couple of tickets for a Police Dance."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Joseph Severn

HAD he not accompanied Keats to Rome, where he nursed him through the agony of his last weeks, Joseph Severn would long since have been forgotten, but though his slight, charming, rather inconsequential character attracted no other experience in any degree comparable with this tragic episode, there was enough of interest and variety in his long life of eighty-six years to justify this delightful narrative by Lady BIRKENHEAD (*Against Oblivion*, CASSELL, 12/6). When Severn left England with Keats he was beginning to make a reputation as a miniaturist, and his father was so much enraged by Joseph's sacrifice of his career that he tried to prevent him by physical violence from leaving home. So far from damaging his career, this impulsive uncalculating act of friendship helped him to a success he would hardly have achieved had he remained in England. The story of his devotion to Keats spread through the English colony in Rome, and as he was young, handsome and agreeable, he soon had many friends, and was able to write to his father: "The attention I receive from the English nobility is most encouraging. We are hand in hand, walking in the same places, living in the same houses." Commissions for miniatures came in, he was popular with the Italians as well as the English, and although his chief patroness, Lady Westmoreland, a moody tyrannical woman, whose temper grew worse as her beauty grew less, sometimes got on his nerves, he was very happy in Rome. His luck held when he fell in love with Lady Westmoreland's ward, Elizabeth Montgomerie, and though he lost his patroness, who was furious over the marriage, he gained a wife who was not only beautiful but courageous and uncomplaining through his later years of declining reputation and increasing money

troubles. He had the gift of inspiring affection, tinged sometimes with a certain condescension, in persons of widely different character. Gladstone helped him when he returned to England in his forties, and Ruskin, who once described him as "lightly sagacious, lovingly humorous, daintily sentimental," supported, with his usual eloquence and more than his usual warmth, the application Severn made in his old age for the British Consulship at Rome. Even in his extreme old age Severn was not unhappy. His wife and his favourite daughter were dead, but his connection with Keats brought him many tributes of affection and respect from the outside world, and he died in the knowledge that what he did for Keats had earned him an immortality he would not otherwise have achieved.

H. K.

Brittle World

It would be unfair to bestow on the third instalment of Mrs. FAITH COMPTON MACKENZIE'S memoirs the epithet she herself applies to inter-war England. Like most artists of to-day she has had to come to terms with her brittle world to ensure herself freedom to work—let alone luxuries. *Always Afternoon* (COLLINS, 12/6) is tense with this rather harassing form of give and take—from the modest *ménage* so cleverly improvised in Somerset during 1939 to the coterie life left behind in Capri. The whole book is woven with two shuttles—home and art; and though the homes, and gardens, are quite frequently sabotaged by their purchasers, they are enterprises and achievements while they last. Their records are interspersed with full-length portraits of such candid little crooks as Madame B— (whom the author so cleverly and charitably rescued from burglary) and the more unpleasant and incurable wasters fostered by Capri. Every now and again there are references back to the family prep at Stonehouse, and forward to such gallant and personable nephews and nieces as an aunt who was herself one of ten may be expected to acquire. Among other people's ventures, a film-star's homestead at Salzammergut—now a practising-ground for Stukas—stands out as an amusing example of domesticity and *décor*.

H. F. E.

When Lovers Meet Again

Miss E. M. DELAFIELD'S new novel *Late and Soon* (MACMILLAN, 8/6) will make many of her readers feel that her outlook is mellowing a little: there are several nasty pieces of work among her characters, but only one, a vain and insincere society woman, is outside the scope of her pity. Cross old *General Levallois*, his hard-boiled niece *Primrose*, poor degenerate *Hughie*, who tries in vain to hold her interest—Miss DELAFIELD contrives that even if you do not like them you shall understand the causes of their effects and so forgive them all. Miss DELAFIELD is even realistic and strong enough to infer that *Primrose*—rude, unkind, shameless, loveless pursuer of men—has been forced into her mould by some mistake in her upbringing, and this though her mother *Valentine* is her heroine. This is a war novel (at least the war is just off the stage), a tale of parted young lovers who meet again in middle-age, realize that their first love was their best and are hindered in their coming together by all that has happened in the years since they were boy and girl, including in *Rory's* case an affair with *Primrose*. It is not a dramatic story nor a funny one, but its dialogue and character-drawing are brilliant—kinder but no less brilliant than anything Miss DELAFIELD has done, which is to say a very great deal.

B. E. S.

Long Views for England

Had war-time tasks been less urgent and Sir GEORGE STAPLEDON less disinclined to talk about himself, an autobiography showing how he reached, held and tested his passionate convictions on the necessity for a great rural England would have been, one suspects, a popular approach. We may get it yet. Meanwhile here are the expert articles of thirty years, urging with cumulative force that a country so suited as ours to intensive agriculture has no right to let land slip out of its grasp—as it did in 1937—to the tune of fifty thousand acres a year. No one can deny the increasing “mental lassitude” of a nation content to lie at the mercy of other nations for its food; and cosmetic factories on the ravaged sites of London’s nursery-gardens show how far we have departed from the policy of first things first. Sir GEORGE, however, is no pessimist. Not for nothing has he learnt his job—as a field naturalist rather than a laboratory scientist—on the hill farms of Wales. Ley farming is only one of many means which *The Way of the Land* (FABER, 12/6) puts forward to attain three ends: a large and contented rural population, abundance of fresh food for all, and security in time of war. H. P. E.

The Russian Stage

Anyone who cares for the theatre knows the glorious traditions of the Moscow Art Theatre—a tradition hardly less glorious now that the Revolution has given it many rivals. In *The New Soviet Theatre* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 12/6) Mr. JOSEPH MACLEOD is quite dazzling with the number and achievements of these rivals. Yet between the lists—of theatres, producers, plays and their playwrights, few of them known to us but nearly all to Mr. MACLEOD—streams the clear light of a vast and enviable dawn: Russia in Europe and half Asia, too, are waking up to the joys of the stage. A valuable part of the book glances rapidly at the variety of all the new audiences, among the Kirghiz and the Tadzhiks, the Armenians and the Uzbeks and the Eskimos. Each is establishing a drama of its own, but Goldoni is popular and ubiquitous. In Western Russia the most important development is denoted by what is called Socialist Realism. This is, in fact, a principle of great good sense, depending mainly on the notion that there is no point in producing a play unless you can see it in relation to life, because the playwright certainly saw it like that. Mr. MACLEOD devotes the best chapter in a rather slapdash book to describing a “Socialist Realist” production of *The Taming of the Shrew*. This is a good instance to take, since it is not the easiest of plays to produce by any principle, and the results seem excellent.

J. S.

Oranges and Lemons

Readers of *A Farm in Normandy* and *A Village in Piccadilly* will know before they turn a page of Mr. ROBERT HENREY’s new book, *A Journey to Gibraltar* (DENT, 12/6), that they will share the experience of a well-trained observant mind and enjoy the flashing tell-tale phrases the author employs so well, and feel some of his excitement at the prospect of visiting Lisbon, “city of spies and plenty.” He made the first stage of his journalistic journey from somewhere in England to Cintra, and thence to Lisbon, to stroll down the Rua Augusta (“still a ‘woman’s paradise’”) to watch the head of the Fifth Column in Portugal handing a drink to a blonde, to chat with business men and rub shoulders with the enemy. His travels from Lisbon to Madrid, Algeciras, Gibraltar and Tangier seem to have

been amazingly easy, though it was necessary to keep guard on the tongue. He describes The Rock as the fairy godmother, possessing, “at least in appearance, absolutely limitless supplies of every conceivable luxury.” We are told in an introductory letter that much more could have been written, so though we have news of black-market and intrigue, we hear as much of silk stockings as of politics. This most fascinating book ends very abruptly, but perhaps that is due to the censor. B. E. B.

Twice Shy

Sir FREDERICK MAURICE, representing the Royal Institute of International Affairs, is determined that we shall not be caught by the same trick twice. In *The Armistices of 1918* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 7/6) he shows just when and how quite a lot of bad blunders were made by people not lacking in intelligence because they had not found time in the hurly-burly of war to consider beforehand what should be the conditions of peace. Peace came with victory, as suddenly and completely, a year before it was expected, as it may come again, and no one was ready. In the result the German High Command, though the veritable instigators of surrender, succeeded in establishing in their own country, among other equally false legends, the doctrine that the invincible army was still never defeated but betrayed by politicians. From that lie followed tears and blood. More trouble arose when a hundred lurking problems suddenly loomed out of the fog and could not wait for the lingering processes of a peace treaty. Before the “Cease Fire” could sound, decisions must be taken that could never be reversed, by leaders who had never really envisaged the state of the world when war and war-production abruptly stopped, in countries where everyone was assuming that life would at once be taken up at the point where it had broken off. To-day we hope we know better, and a great deal of preliminary work has been done. Some of it is indicated here, but the writer makes it clear that there is room for an immense amount of further study if mistakes of everlasting importance are to be avoided. C. C. P.

The Truth about Swinburne

“But I very much hope that the Germans and Italians will not leave the shores of North Africa in the gallant Dunkirk manner, but like the Gadarene swine which ran violently down a steep place into the sea and were Algernon’s creator.”—*Evening Paper*.

IN A GOOD CAUSE

Mr. Punch is glad to endorse the appeal of the Central Institute of Art and Design, which is collecting books on Art, histories of the Arts, and biographies of Artists for the British Red Cross and Order of St. John War Organization. There has been a steadily increasing demand by prisoners of war for such books, and readers who can be asked to help, either by purchase or from their own collections. Gifts of money are *not* required. The postal address for parcels is The Prisoners of War Fine Arts Committee, The Central Institute of Art and Design, National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.

It should be remembered also that the Service Libraries and Book Fund (address: The Mansion House, E.C.4) still requires books and magazines of all kinds for distribution to the Fighting Forces in all parts of the world.



"Make a note, Miss Simms, to call next November and see if my watch is repaired."

Mess Observation

SITTING here in the corner of the room in the chair with a broken spring, the chair which seems by some tacit agreement to have become mine whenever I am in the mess, I observe my fellow-men. More and more, lately, I have come to realize that I am highly critical of my fellow-men. Sitting in this same chair for nearly two years now, I have observed them.

There is not a single perfect specimen.

Sergeant Whale and Sergeant Hake are sitting on the leather seat round the stove debating a point of Orderly-room procedure. They are always doing this. They both look very serious. Sergeant Whale is doing all the talking. As he talks he unfastens his tunic-buttons, one after the other, and then fastens them up again. He does this very dexterously (he should: he has

had much practice), and every time he gets to his belt he unbuckles it, takes it off, looks very hard at the stitching at the turned-over end, and then puts it back again. He has done this four times this evening—and it is only 1945 hours. Sergeant Hake is listening with fixed attention. As he listens he pulls gently at the tip of his nose and then taps it several times just below the bridge, saying at the same time, "True—true—very true—true—yes, yes—very true—true. . . ."

All evening they will sit there, talking about leave entitlements, route-forms, P.O.R.s, ration strength, A.M.O.s, compassionate postings . . . Sergeant Whale will fiddle with his buttons; Sergeant Hake, playing with his nose, will say, "True—true—very true. . . ."

Behind them, at a green-baize table,

Corporal Herring is asleep, an evening paper covering his face. I have long been puzzled to know why, if Corporal Herring only comes into the mess to sleep, he should choose a hard straight-backed chair at an empty green-baize table—and why he should need a newspaper over his face. Others have wondered this too, though not recently; in the distant past experiments were carried out on the sleeping Herring; the table was taken away, and he immediately woke up and moved to the next table; the newspaper was taken away, and he immediately woke up and drew all the curtains, leaving the room shortly afterwards and not coming in again that week. Sometimes he wakes up of his own accord. When this happens, he knocks the newspaper off his face indignantly, as if he thinks someone else has put it there, and

glares round angrily at all present. Nobody has ever seen him reading the paper.

Sergeant Skate is standing on the stone kerb which surrounds the stove on the other side of the mess. He is watching a game of snooker and has an empty pipe in his mouth. Occasionally he removes this and puts it back with the bowl inverted, and sometimes he polishes the pipe on the flap of his right-hand tunic pocket. The pipe never achieves a very satisfactory gloss, though the pocket-flap has quite a sheen on it. Although he has watched the snooker-players for two years from this vantage-point, Sergeant Skate has not yet mastered the art of balancing on the narrow stone kerb. It is just too wide to fit conveniently between the heel and sole of his boots, and since he has his hands in his pockets and is thus denied any means of saving himself, he frequently steps heavily either backwards or forwards. Watching him, I try to foretell which way he will fall next time, and hope it will be forwards; if it is backwards, he steps on to the fire-iron stand, knocking the shovel and tongs into the hearth with a tremendous din. As he picks them up he says, "Sorry, sorry, sorry. Clumsy." If he falls forward he just says, very softly, "Damn," and bends over to study the kerbstone to see what is the matter with it. Then he tries again.

Over by the wireless-set Warrant-Officer Whitebait is sitting, well forward in his chair, screwing up his eyes so that he can read the back page of a strange N.C.O.'s newspaper. Occasionally he flashes a glance about him to see if anybody is reading anything else the back of which is within range and would suit him better. Presently the strange N.C.O., feeling that he is not alone, drops his paper slightly and looks over the top. He is a polite N.C.O., and offers his paper to Warrant-Officer Whitebait. "No, no, no; no, no, no," says Whitebait, waving it away. When the strange N.C.O. has resumed his reading Whitebait begins to edge forward again, screwing up his eyes. Warrant-Officer Whitebait is a very well-informed man, but has never been seen reading his own paper. Before long he will get up, stretch, unfasten his tunic and adjust his braces, say to himself, "That's better," and go back to the strange N.C.O.'s paper. When he has done this twice something will tell him it is time he went to bed. He will look at his watch, look at the clock on the wall, ask the nearest person the time. Without waiting for an answer he will say "Time marches on," cross to the table

where the periodicals are, pick each one up, look at the back and put it down again. Then he will go to the door and say "Good night, all," but before he actually goes out he will pick up all the available darts from the ledge of the dart-board, take careful aim and hurl them at the board in a single handful.

There, on the bare leather settee, is Corporal Spratt, dealing himself bridge hands on the carpet, whistling up and down a scale of four semitones between his teeth. Sometimes he stops whistling as he surveys an unusual hand and says, quietly but with a sort of compressed-steam emphasis, "Gosh!" If your attention is attracted by this exclamation, if, as a newcomer to the mess, you suspect that Corporal Spratt is making a conversational reconnaissance to interest you in his bridge hand, you may look up expectantly. Corporal Spratt will then stare at you truculently, saying nothing, until you look away.

Corporal Swordfish, also on the bare leather settee, is tapping out a syncopated rhythm on its bare leather arm, beating time with alternate feet. Greig's A Minor Concerto, uttered in strangled tones by the wireless-set, does not interfere either with the whistling of Corporal Spratt or the syncopation of Corporal Swordfish. As Corporal Swordfish taps out his rhythms he wears an expression of amused wonderment, and he allows his gaze, wide and winsome, to rest for long periods on every other person in the mess, rather like a young animal which has ventured out into the world for the first time. As he gazes and taps and beats his feet his lips move slightly. . . .

And so the evening passes. "True—true—very true . . ." says Sergeant Hake, watching with unseeing eyes as Sergeant Whale replaces his belt for the seventh time. Under the evening paper Corporal Herring slumbers; over by the other stove Sergeant Skate sways, sways—backwards, forwards . . . which way this time . . . ? CRASH! . . . over go the fire-irons . . . "Sorry, sorry, sorry. Clumsy. . . ." Whitebait is adjusting his braces. . . . "That's better!" . . . the eerie whistling of Corporal Spratt falters and stops . . . "Gosh!" . . . Nobody pays any attention. Nobody but Corporal Swordfish, whose gaze wanders, hesitates, halts. Tum-tum-tum-tiddley-tum-tum-tum . . .

I think Swordfish, in a way, is the oddest of the lot. He, at any rate, with his roving gaze, ought to see what a rum lot they are and benefit sufficiently to take himself in hand. But no, he is gazing at me now, with that

wondering half-smile . . . gazing, gazing, moving his lips.

Suddenly he leans across.

"Do you know," he says to me, still tapping and gazing, "that you have twitched your nose fifteen times to the right and seventeen times to the left since a quarter-past seven?" . . .

Not a single perfect specimen.

How Strong is Japan?

WHAT are Japan's resources? What is her industrial capacity? Does the Japanese diet contain significant quantities of niacin? Can Japan be invaded via the Bering Strait? These and many other vital questions are answered below by Wallace T. Fogg, Mr. Punch's special correspondent, who has just returned from the British Museum.

Let us look facts in the face. Let us profit by our experience and deny to history the luxury of repeating herself. It is a common mistake of the English to underestimate the strength of the enemy. In 1939 we thought that Germany was on the verge of bankruptcy. With the jollies of complacency ringing in our ears we mistook the alarms of war (the swans will forgive me) for Mussolini's swan-song. Our idle dreams were costly. In 1941 there were those who said "Japan is a C3 nation; her houses are made of paper; her battleships are top-heavy; her soldiers are myopic. She cannot last a year." Fatally facile this kind of thing. Fatally facile.

Let us look facts in the face. Facts!

Japan is poly-insular.

Japan is ruthless.

Japan is mountainous.

Japan is sometimes called Nippon.

What about raw materials? Japan's conquests have put her in an impregnable position. Her food situation is assured. She has huge quantities of fuel-oil, metal, soil, rubber, textiles and water. The Allies can only view the outlook as hopeless. Japan is winning the war, and it is useless to deny the evidence before our eyes. We can do no good by hunting for shortages and bottle-necks in the Japanese war-machine. There are none.

Let us look a little further into the picture. The Japanese soldier is tough because he is Spartan. What happens if he becomes well-fed? Is the Japanese mentality proof against over-indulgence? I think not. As I see it the Japanese propensity for building

top-heavy battleships will be strengthened by her surfeit of metal. It is only because Japan has been so short of materials that her warships manage to float at all. Now without a fleet the Japanese are immediately threatened with invasion. They will recall their forces overseas for the defence of the homeland. Those who survive the unprotected sea-journey will merely add to the congestion of the islands. Immense stores of foodstuffs and raw materials will tax the accommodation of roads and railways, and troop movements will be hampered. What is more, the well-nourished Japanese airmen will become too fat to fit existing aircraft. Her air-arm will be crippled. Under these circumstances the Allies will find their tasks greatly eased, and defeat for Japan becomes inevitable. But let us have no more talk about Japan's shortages. It is merely wishful thinking. And no more chatter about the Japanese giving up their houses for paper-salvage.

"Yes, Ma'am"

"YOU, Private Daisy Moon, are charged with Whilst on Active Service walking in a slovenly manner contrary to all regulations of His Majesty's Services, that is, instead of marching."

"Yes, dear."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I said, 'Yes, dear'."

"Impossible! Were you not told what to call an officer?"

"Yes, dear. But I couldn't call you that."

"This is not the time for rudeness, Private Moon. Were you not taught to address an officer as 'ma'am'?"

"Yes, dear—er—ma'am."

"Then why have you not done so?"

"I thought they was pulling my leg, ma'am."

"They was? Do you not know your grammar?"

"No, ma'am. She died before I was born."

"Who died before you were born?"

"My gran'ma, ma'am."

"Silence, Private Moon. I wish for no rudeness from you."

"Beg your pardon, ma'am. No offence. I was being sympathetic."

"Sympathetic? With whom?"

"My gran'ma, ma'am."

"Silence. You are furthermore charged with gross impertinence and insubordination. Have you anything to say?"

"Yes. Must I really call you ma'am, ma'am?"

"It is unbelievable. You must be a psychological case."

"Yes, ma'am. That's what the doctor said I am. A diabolical case."

"I am inclined to agree with the Medical Officer. How long have you been in the Army?"

"Nine and three-quarter days, ma'am."

"And what have you done during that time?"

"Well, ma'am. The first three-quarters of a day I spent trying on coats and skirts."

"I must impress upon you, Private Moon, that coats and skirts are not worn in the army. We are privileged to wear the King's uniform."

"The King's uniform, ma'am? Does he really dress like us?"

"Silence! You will also please note that a private is not encouraged to ask

questions. By the King's uniform is meant any uniform worn by members of His Majesty's Forces. What happened after you were fitted with your uniform?"

"I was given the trappings, ma'am."

"The what?"

"The trimmings, ma'am. Stockings, shirts—"

"Quite, quite. What then?"

"The other mates and me were marched down to the depotte."

"I presume you mean the depot."

"That's it."

"And when you left the depot in order to return to camp, what reason had you for walking in a slovenly manner contrary to His Majesty's regulations?"

"Because I saw the others walking, ma'am."

"Indeed. And I suppose if you saw the others going to the devil you would follow them, even though you knew it to be wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am. That's right. The sergeant told me always to follow the others."

"Private Moon, have you no individuality?"

"Come again?"

"You are requested to refrain from using objectionable expressions. I said, 'Have you no individuality,' no will of your own?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I'm not allowed to use it."

"Sergeant Sprout, give me a form for 'Examination by a Psychiatrist.' Private Moon, you will receive seven days C.C. for breach of discipline, and a further seven days for insubordination and impudence. Lenience is being shown to you owing to your gross ignorance and mental condition. Have you anything to say?"

"Yes, ma'am. Could you make it next week? I have a date for to-night."



"Wings for Victory? I thought it was V for Victory!"

Nightingales

ON the lovely links of Liphook
In April 1943
One day I heard the nightingale
As clearly as could be.

I was driving the eleventh
And I fozzled off the tee,
So when I heard the nightingale
The nightingale heard me.

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



THE WESTMINSTER BANK

is represented by an extensive system of branch offices in England and Wales with agents elsewhere, and is amply equipped to conduct your private and commercial banking business. The Manager of any branch will gladly give an interview to discuss or explain any point which will help a client, or prospective client, to a full use of the services available to the Bank's customers.

WESTMINSTER BANK LIMITED

Head Office: 41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2



CRITTALL WINDOWS

WHEN YOU REBUILD

CRITTALL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD., 210 HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.1



Not too little..



not too much..



but just right



thanks to the
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER OF
ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK

ER 347 - 96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.



This fortitude

The little Scotsman grunts as he hands over to the mate ; and, aching with fatigue, goes stiffly below. Cruising at ten knots in convoy . . . unceasing watch, merciless tension . . . We can't all be incomparable Captains in the Merchant Navy. But we can all be incomparable citizens.

—we can all bring this spirit into our wartime tasks. The spirit that generations to come will remember with pride as they ask "But for their fortitude?"



The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry



KERFOOTS MEDICATED PASTILLES

embodying the
manufacturing
experience of
eighty years -

MENTHOL & EUCALYPTUS
CATARRH-ANTISEPTIC THROAT
GLYCERINE OF THYMOL

Thomas Kerfoot & Co. Ltd.
Vale of Bardsey
Lancashire

P1

POST YOUR FILMS

to Will Rose
23 Bridge Street Row, Chester LTD

and get **MAGNA PRINTS** REC

SWEET
THOUGHTS,
DARLING?

YES
WILKINSON'S
LIQUORICE
ALLSORTS



Barling
PIPE CRAFT

Manufactured
entirely in
London, Eng.



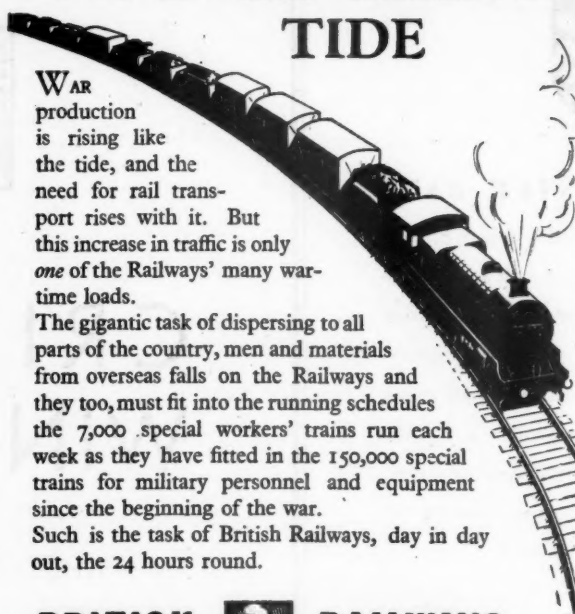
Take care
of your Barling
Pipe. Supplies are
extremely limited, conse-
quently difficult to obtain.

When available, prices are as follows:-
Standard S.S. S.M. L. E.L. 20/-
Standard 10/6 12/6 16/6 20/-
Ye Olde Wood S.S. S.M. L. E.L. 22/-
Selected Grains 15/6 18/6 21/6 25/-
Letters S.S., S.M., L., E.L. on each pipe
marked on each indicate sizes - Small-Small, Small-
stem, Medium, Large and Extra Large.

B. BARLING & SONS, EST. IN LONDON 1812.
"Makers of the World's Finest Pipes"

Cephus The safe & certain
remedy
FOR HEADACHE

The EVER RISING TIDE



WAR
production
is rising like
the tide, and the
need for rail trans-
port rises with it. But
this increase in traffic is only
one of the Railways' many war-
time loads.

The gigantic task of dispersing to all
parts of the country, men and materials
from overseas falls on the Railways and
they too, must fit into the running schedules
the 7,000 special workers' trains run each
week as they have fitted in the 150,000 special
trains for military personnel and equipment
since the beginning of the war.
Such is the task of British Railways, day in day
out, the 24 hours round.

BRITISH
GWR · LMS



RAILWAYS
LNER · SR

Carrying the War Load

THE ROYAL OBSERVER CORPS



"Eclipse" Blades are now made
only in the popular slotted pat-
tern, and though scarcer than
usual, they are still obtainable by
those on the look-out for clean
and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers.

JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD

**OLD
BLEACH**

household and embroidery

LINENS
and
FURNISHING
FABRICS

THE OLD BLEACH LINEN CO. LTD.
RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND

?

**Are you
Recovering**

THE RECOVERY
OF SOLVENTS IS
VITAL TO-DAY TO
THE COUNTRY'S
INTEREST

Our
**ACTIVATED
CARBON PROCESS**
will recover

90%

of otherwise wasted solvents

**SUTCLIFFE, SPEAKMAN
& COMPANY, LIMITED**
LEIGH - LANCASHIRE
Telephone: 94, 95, 96 Leigh
'Grams: "Utilization," Leigh, Lancs.
LONDON OFFICE: 88 Victoria St., S.W.1

AC.1.



MAP SERIES No. 1 Copyright Design

PETTER Engines have always
played a prominent part in
supplying the power requirements
of the primary industries of
Australia. We look forward with
confidence to the future, and to
renewing valued and close associa-
tions through our good friends and
representatives:

NEW SOUTH WALES:
Busacott Wolseley Pty., Ltd.,
7-11 Market Street, SYDNEY.

QUEENSLAND:
Busacott (Queensland) Ltd.,
443 Adelaide Street, BRISBANE.

VICTORIA:
The Ridd Co. (Australia) Pty., Ltd.,
167-169 King Street, MELBOURNE.

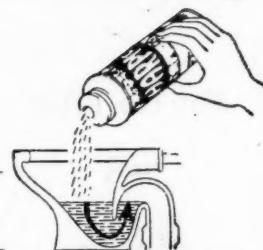
WESTERN AUSTRALIA:
Flower, Davies & Johnson, Ltd.,
413-417 Murray Street, PERTH.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: South Australian
Farmers Co-operative Union, Ltd.,
36 Franklin Street, ADELAIDE.

PETTERS LTD.
LOUGHBOROUGH, ENGLAND

Australian Office:
368-374 Collins Street, Melbourne, VIC.
6.44

**How to clean
the lavatory**



1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as
long as possible. Harpic's cleansing
action reaches right round into the
S-bend.



2 Flush the lavatory. The whole
bowl is clean and sanitary - the
part you don't see, as well.

Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's
thorough action removes all discoloration -
effectively cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes
the whole pan. Easy to use and effective.
Sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long
as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl
gleams white!

HARPIC



Raw material grown in sunny cotton fields, British workmanship, and over 60 years' experience, produce B.B.A. solid-woven belting, known for its quality and endurance to industry throughout the world.

Machine Belting for Driving, Conveying, Elevating. Solid-woven Endless Belts for all Short-Centre Drives.

Asbestos Yarns, Cloths, Tapes and Lugging Packings and Jointings.

MINTEX

Brake and Clutch Linings for Cars, Vehicles, Aircraft and all types of machinery.

Where quality can ensure efficiency, safety and reliability you may expect to find



BRITISH BELTING
& ASBESTOS LTD
CLECKHEATON
YORKSHIRE

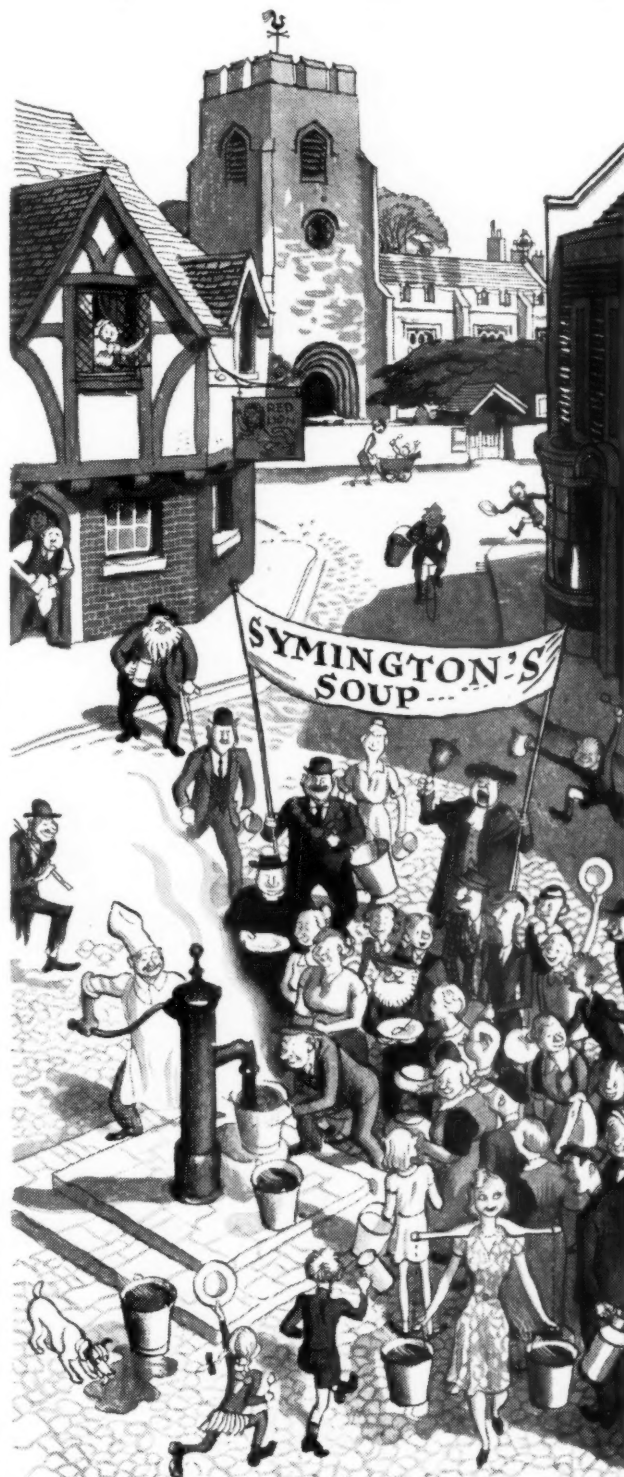
**IS YOUR TROUBLE
CAGES**



**BUTTERLEY
PIT CAGES
GIVE NO TROUBLE**

THE BUTTERLEY COMPANY LTD · RIPLEY · DERBY
LONDON: 2 CAXTON STREET, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
P.C.L.C.2

An epicure dreams of post-war planning




W. SYMINGTON & CO. LTD., MARKET HARBOUROUGH



Abdullas for choice

The most popular brands are:

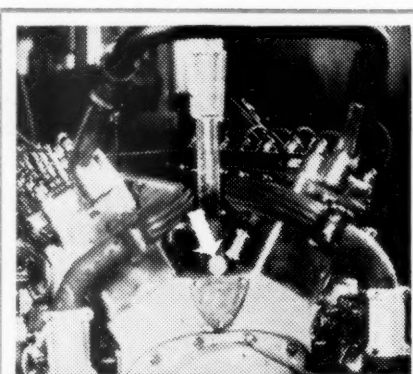
- "VIRGINIA" No. 7
- TURKISH No. 11
- "EGYPTIAN" No. 16

Please  Help
THE RED CROSS
AND ST. JOHN APPEAL
by sending a donation to St.
James's Palace, London, S.W.1.



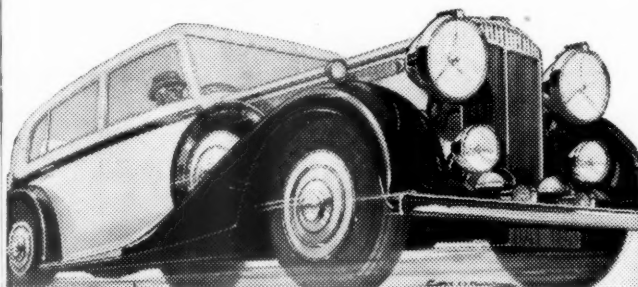
AND THE PENNY DOESN'T FALL!

To stand a penny on edge is never easy. To stand it on edge on a running engine sounds next to impossible. Yet here is a photograph of an impromptu experiment carried out at the Daimler works. A penny was stood on edge on a famous Daimler engine—and though the engine was running, the penny didn't fall! A decisive tribute to the smoothness of Daimler engines. And since that time Daimler has advanced still further. Daimler engines have come to be recognised the world over as one of the triumphs of British engineering. At present wartime experience is being garnered, and in the coming days of peace will be used in the production of even finer Daimler Cars.



Smooth as a zephyr—fast as a gale—the Daimler 4 litre saloon was a marvel of 1939 . . . and Daimler promise yet better cars for the post-war years.

This is the photograph—unretouched—of the penny standing firmly on its edge while the powerful Daimler engine runs with unsurpassed smoothness. Note also the glass of water balanced on a tube—on the running engine.



Daimler

THE DAIMLER CO. LTD., LONDON AND COVENTRY